

75¢

Bitter Sweet

SEPTEMBER NINETEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTY ONE

WESTERN MAINE
PERSPECTIVES

VOLUME FOUR, NUMBER NINE

**Back-to-School
EDUCATION
ISSUE:
The Old-Time
Country
Schoolmaster**

*

**The New
Alternative
School**

*

**The Results of
Young People's
Writing Contest**

—PLUS—

**The Forest
Service Tower**

*

**Lewiston's
Mills & Mansions**

*

**Keeping Your
Garden's Bounty
For Winter**

*

The County Fair



Autumn Sonata by Mary Louise Simpson

SEPTEMBER RACING SCHEDULE

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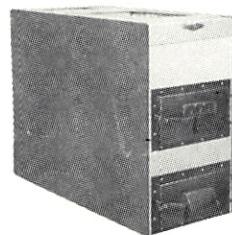
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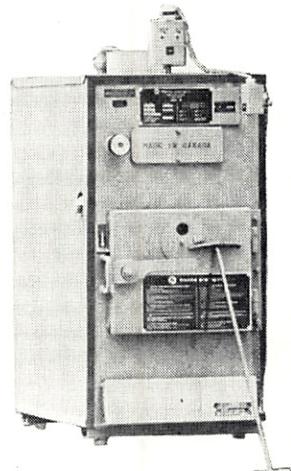
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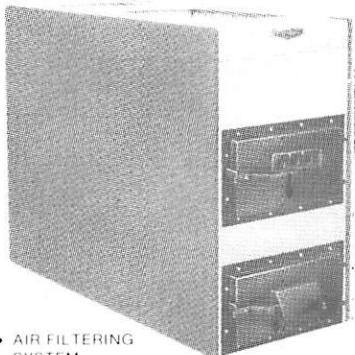
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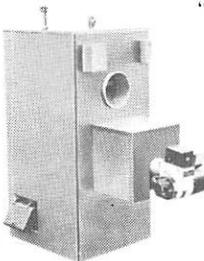
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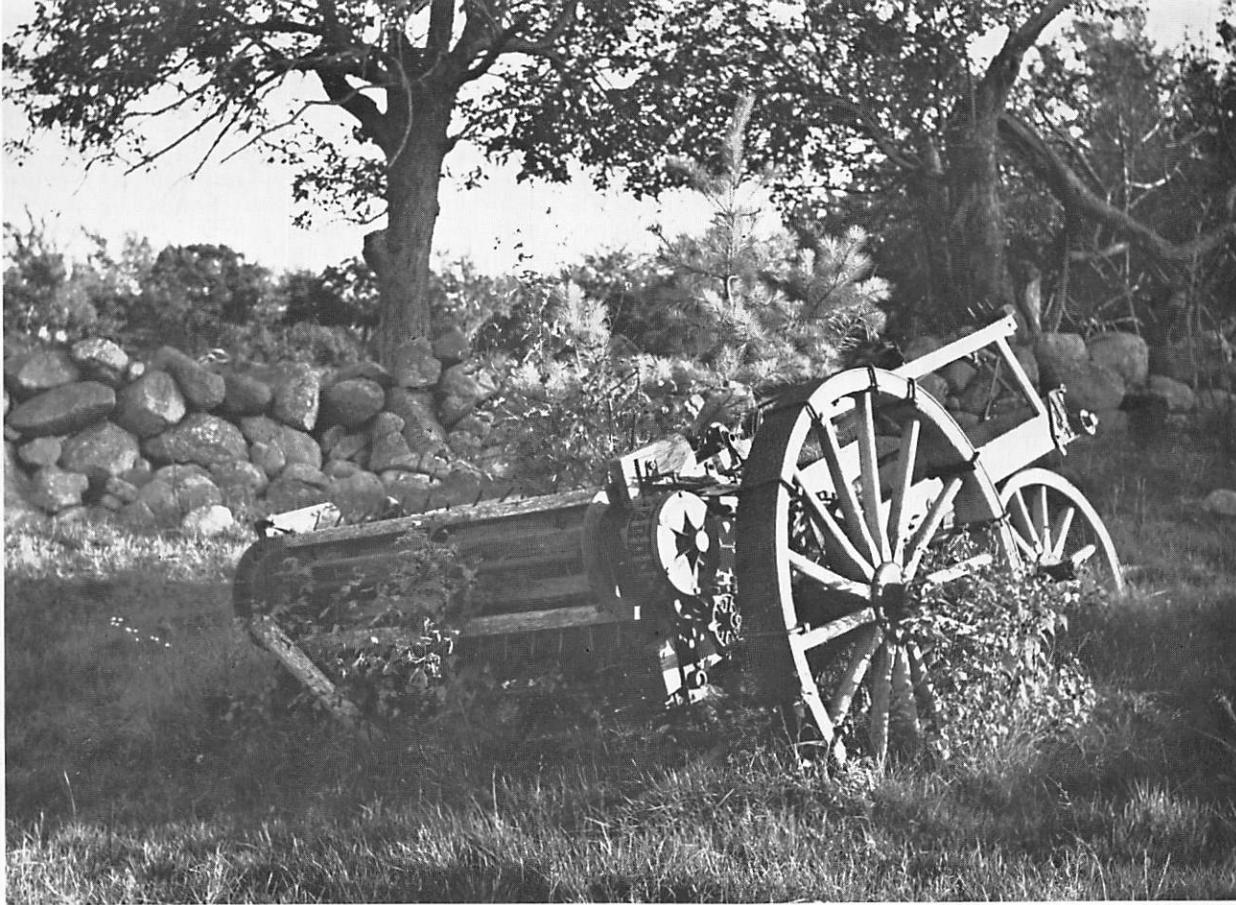
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Cross Roads



A scene near South Paris

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CREDITS

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BitterSweet



Bitter Sweet Views

As befits this time of year, we have a back-to-school issue full of education-oriented items. Retired teacher Hubert Clemons' recollections of his old schoolmaster begin on page 23. As a counterpoint, on page 25 teacher Denis Ledoux begins a study of the alternative independent school in the 1980's. The methods may have changed, but the motives remain fascinatingly the same: individualized attention for each student.

Also fascinating is the writing of some of those students of today. Last spring we initiated our first **BitterSweet** writing contest for school-age young people. We sent letters to all the high schools and colleges in western Maine; we advertised our intentions for several months in the magazine. By the time school ended in June, we had our contest entries. And the results were very disappointing.

Oh, not the writing itself—no, indeed, the poems and prose were excellent: well-put-together, sensitive, interesting, and so good that it was next to impossible to make a decision on what to print.

No, it was the lack of response from English teachers all over the state that was disappointing. What we are printing this month (beginning on page 9) are the contributions of only six schools in Maine. They are from Maranacook Elementary and Rumford Junior High; Oxford Hills, Livermore Falls, Sacopee Valley and Buckfield High Schools. (Students at Bates and Ithaca College in New York will be published next month.) All winners will receive a cash prize as well as publication of their work.

But, in an age when we often wonder why our children can't read and write, one wants to ask why teachers would pass up an opportunity to show the rest of us what they are doing. We know that there are young people out there who are learning how to put sentences together properly and how to use their imaginations—there are examples here in our pages.

Our hats are off to those dedicated teachers and parents who saw to it that the talented young people had an opportunity to be published. For the rest—**BitterSweet** will offer another chance with our second annual Writing Contest for Young People next March. Plan for it.

We're sure that you will find these budding authors and poets to be exciting. But there's plenty more of interest within this month's magazine. The story of those

dedicated individuals who keep watch over the state's forests begins on page 5. You'll also find good hints for using and keeping fall's garden bounty; intriguing museum displays in West Baldwin and Rockland that continue even after the summer tourists go home; and, in this month's Medicine For The Hills, a controversial subject that no thinking person, even those of us "out in the country," can afford to ignore. As always, we welcome your letters and your responses—positive or negative—to anything we print.

The pursuit of higher education brings us to the loss of a columnist. Jay Burns, who has written a lot about the facts and foibles of Maine weather in his regular monthly "Jay's Journal" ever since he was a sophomore in high school, is leaving us to go to college. Bowdoin's gain is **BitterSweet**'s loss, but we wish him well in his future endeavors.

Enjoy the fall of the leaves (what the gypsy moths left) and the turning of these pages (when it's your turn to read them!).

Nancy Marcotte

WE'RE MOVING!

No longer at Western Maine Graphics, our publishing house, **BitterSweet** editorial office is moving to 15 Main Street, South Paris. Located in the white building to the left of the stone Deering Memorial Methodist Church, we will be the last door in (look for the sign). Back issues will be on sale there for \$1.00 ea. (\$1.50 if mailed.) Office hrs: 10-3 Mon.-Fri.

The mailing address will remain the same: P. O. Box 6, Norway ME 04268.

BitterSweet is published ten times annually: March, April, May, June, July, August, September, October, November, and a double issue in December. We encourage submission of manuscripts, poetry, artwork and photography of local interest. Enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. **BitterSweet** cannot be held responsible for unsolicited material but will take care with it. Deadlines: **Editorial** - six weeks before publication (the first of each issue month); **Advertising** - four weeks prior to publication. All rights reserved. Printed in U.S.A. by Western Maine Graphics, Inc. Typeface is Schoolbook.

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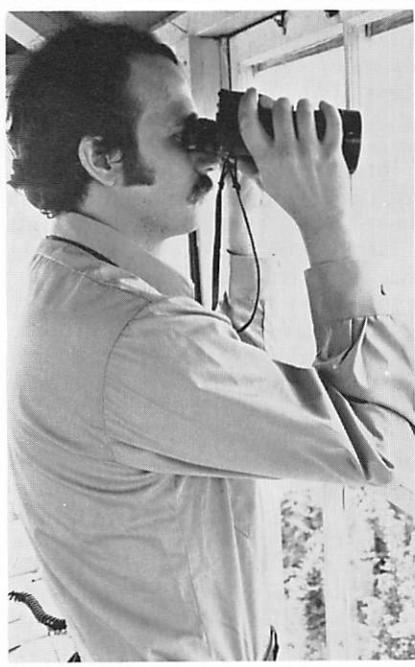
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Ken Spalding

Perched on top of the mountain above the tree line, with a view of the forest from Canada to Mt. Katahdin, stands West Kennebago tower, one of the last of Maine's forest fire lookout towers. Driving along the Brown Co. road from Rangeley toward Eustis, the tower is a landmark not easily missed; often a stopping point for brief day hikes. The trail to the tower is approximately two miles long. After leaving an old road, it winds through the trees to the watchman's cabin and then follows the ridge line to the mountain peak. In the eight years that he has been manning the tower, Ranger Ken Spalding has seen about 400 people a summer make the trip to take in the view and visit the tower.

A journey to a lookout tower is becoming more difficult as the years pass because the State Forestry Bureau which is part of the Department of Conservation has abandoned most of its mountain-top observation posts. Economic considerations in the mid-1960's prompted analysis of other methods of spotting forest fires. The system that proved the most advantageous was a reduced number of towers augmented by fire patrol planes flown by private individuals under contract to the state. The towers that remained were able to cover a larger territory through improved

communications with the planes and ground-based ranger stations.

So effective are the planes in combating fires that it is possible even more towers will be closed down in the coming years. However, while they still remain, West Kennebago is an almost-perfect example of the tower system first developed in Maine when access to back-country was limited and fires would burn thousands of acres if left unchecked.

The camp where the tower person stays while not on watch was built in 1911 from mostly native materials and was enlarged slightly at a later date. The view from the front porch of the camp is one of the finest in the region—it has provided Ranger Spalding with many opportunities to obtain dramatic photos of sunrises, sunsets, and unusual cloud formations.

It was this interest in nature that first prompted Ken Spalding to climb the mountain while still in college. At that time he was attempting a more-

or-less one man crusade to mark and keep clear those mountain trails not maintained by the Appalachian Mountain Club (A.M.C.) When he climbed West Kennebago, he was so impressed with the view and the idealic situation presented by the rustic cabin situated in a terraced mountainside that he inquired about working there. Fortune prevailed and he was hired.

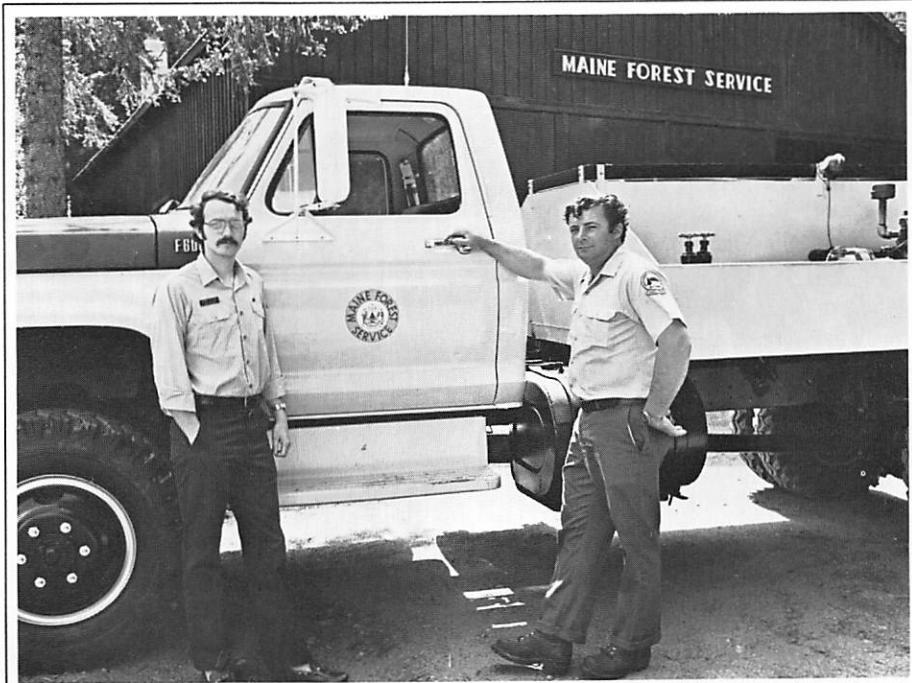
"I planned to stay just one year and see how I liked it," he says, but he enjoyed the work so much that he kept coming back year after year. Very dedicated to what he is doing, Spalding still maintains a nearly constant vigil, even on days when over a half-inch of rainfall has made the forest relatively safe.

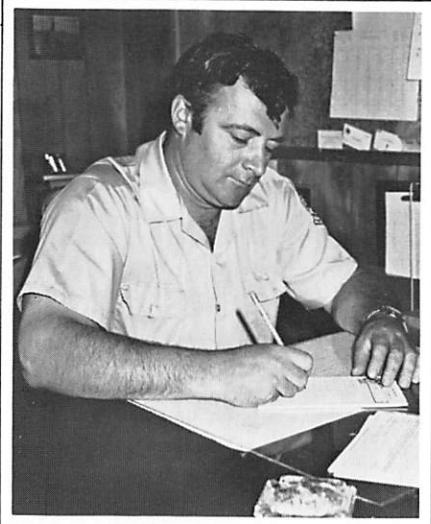
When on duty, he routinely scans all directions around the tower once an hour and then observes just the "trouble sites, where people are"—campgrounds or camps—at least every half-hour with high-powered binoculars. Between times with the

The Forest Watchers

At The West Kennebago Tower

by T. J. Marcotte





Above: District Ranger Terence Trudel.
Below: the interior of the Forest Service barn; fire fighting equipment from Indian tanks to generators.

glasses he watches unaided about every five or ten minutes.

Visitors to the tower are welcomed, but they must not interfere with the watch and they have to accept that the Ranger's primary function is spotting little fires before they become big fires.

Most of the "smokes" reported by the tower to its base station near Cusuptic Lake on Route 16 are ones for which a permit has been obtained, either brush-burning or campfire. If a permit has not been obtained and the origin of the smoke cannot be identified as coming from heavy equipment, a camp, or some other known source, then the tower helps coordinate the ground crew for a quick response. As of June this year only seven fires had been reported and most of these were permitted burns that had gotten out of control.

"We have what we call 'friendly smokes,'" Spalding says. "That is, fires authorized for one reason or another." He also explains that different types of smoke have different appearances. "Heavy equipment is darker than a lightning strike, which is a small puff that comes up in a very narrow column—sort of a bluish-gray . . . A campfire is more of a ball of smoke. Generally you only see it when people start it up or add something fresh on it."

Towers are a very visible part of the Maine forest fire control effort but they are only *one* part. The ground

stations like the one in Rangeley actually do the firefighting; the tower watchmen or women are not allowed to leave their posts to fight fires. Radio communications between tower and base permit the rapid deployment of fire fighting equipment. Because the travel and the communications are so improved over years past, the crews are down to skeleton size. If additional personnel or equipment is needed, it is commandeered from local fire departments or forest industry personnel. Both these groups receive additional training from the Forestry Bureau in forest fire fighting during the winter months. The forest products industry also maintains road patrols on its own land during high fire danger times.

The equipment at the Rangeley Forest Fire Control Station is modern and well-maintained. The Indian pumps (portable back-pack water tanks) shine and the hose is all neatly bagged. Hand tools—shovels, axes, etc.—are evenly placed in their racks. The base station, which was built from trees blown down in the hurricane of '38, is in excellent repair for a building of that age. A more modern truck barn containing a D-4

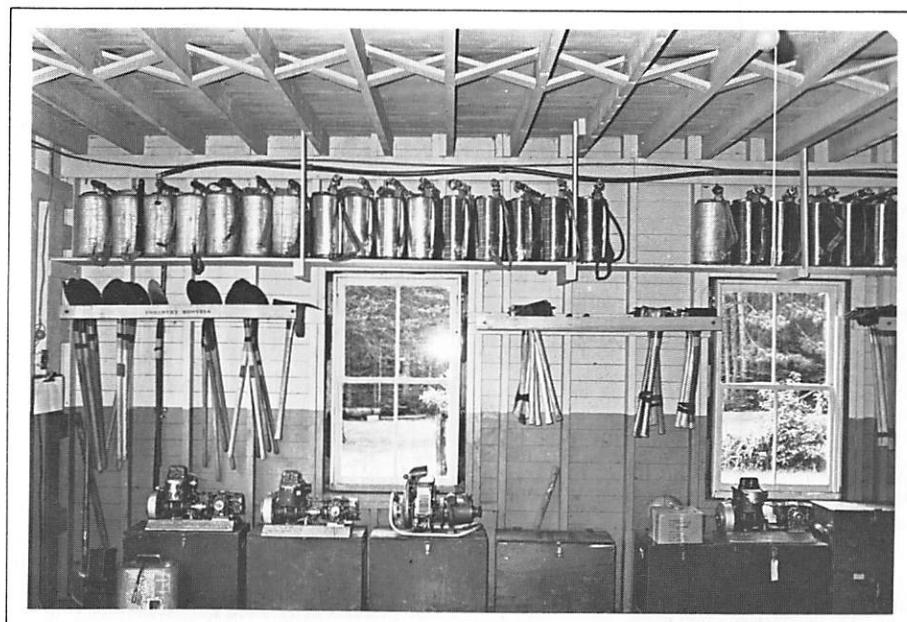
Caterpillar bulldozer on a low-bed trailer and a new lime-green 600-gal. all-wheel-drive pumper flanks the base station. Portable pumps which can be put on any vehicle are available, as is a unique piece of equipment called a "skidder-tank" which can be dragged into the most inhospitable terrain by a logging skidder or a bulldozer. These provide almost unlimited fire fighting potential.

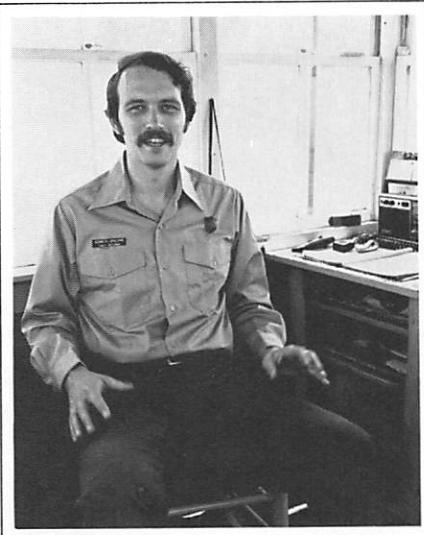
But, as District Ranger Terrence Trudel points out: "It is communication that has made the biggest difference. When I first started with the Forestry Bureau, radios were few and far between and sometimes towers were unable to see fires because of terrain features. Now with a radio network between the base station, the planes, and the towers that remain, the ability to quickly find the blaze and put it out has been greatly improved."

Ranger Trudel emphasizes that 95% of all forest fires in Maine originate from the carelessness of people. Natural causes make up the rest—primarily lightning strikes.

Trudel's district has just been expanded through a state-wide reorganization plan which covers the

Visitors to the tower are welcomed, but they must not interfere with the watch and they have to accept that the Ranger's primary function is spotting little fires before they become big fires.





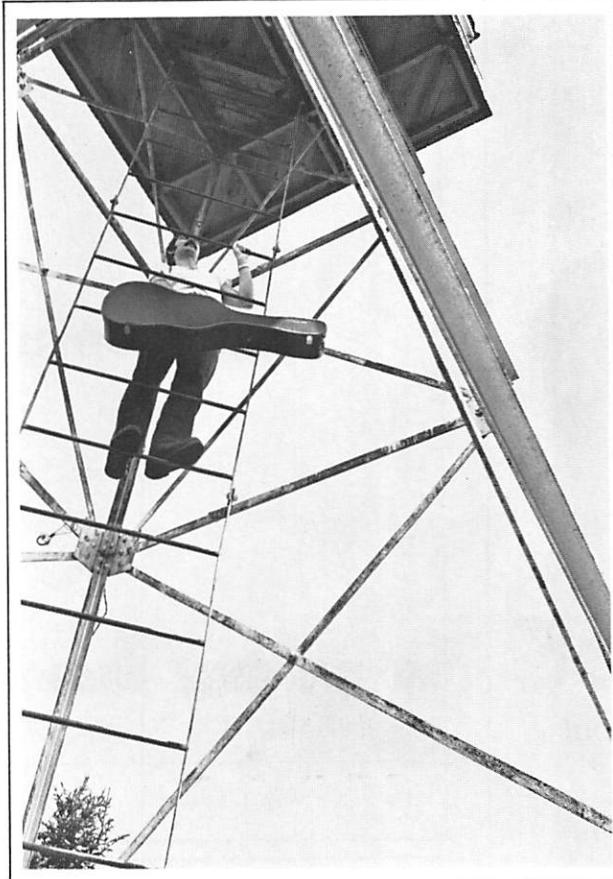
Above: Forest Watchman Ken Spalding spends most of his days up the tower, binoculars, guitar, radio, and all. Nights he spends at the little mountain-top cabin (below).

forest from the Canadian border to Canton, from the New Hampshire state line to Phillips. Besides the District Ranger there are three other people at Rangeley, including the fire tower watchman. There are also rangers at Weld and Upton—a small crew for a lot of territory. While the lookout towers may be the most obvious to some people, they will become less and less a part of the Forestry Bureau as the years pass, being replaced by planes and improved communications. But today they are still very important in the efforts of the State Forest Rangers to keep Maine green. And it is somehow reassuring to know that those people are up there, watching.

A resident of Strong, Maine, Marcotte has written for the **Maine Land Advocate**. He is a land planning graduate from the University of Maine at Farmington.

Ed. Note: If you're planning to hike or camp in the Maine woods, remember that any open fire must have a permit. If you are in an organized township, the permit may be obtained at the town office; in unorganized territory, the nearest Ranger Station is the place to obtain it. Be careful.

**Next month: remembering
the Fires of '47.**



A journey to a lookout tower is becoming more difficult as the years pass because the State Forestry Bureau has abandoned most of its mountain top observation posts in favor of airplane patrols.



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Young People's Writing

Junior High

THE BLESSING

This thing that was,
So that I am,
So that others shall be;

For this earth will be
Endowed with multitudes and
Never shall be bereft of these
Until the king of
The high palace,
To which the birds in all their
High paths ne'er come close,
Ordains that it shall be otherwise.

David Adam Shacter, Wayne
eighth grade, Maranacook Elementary
Mrs. Hazel Rand, teacher

THE FLOOD OF RUMFORD CENTER

February 21, 1981

On February 21, 1981, we had the only flood caused by an ice jam since January of 1970.

It all started with an excess amount of rainfall in Maine and New Hampshire, unseasonably warm temperatures, and large amounts of river ice. At approximately 8 a.m. Saturday morning, the river began to break up. Everybody in Rumford Center thought it would be exciting at first, but later results changed their minds. We also thought it odd, because the ice had never gone in the daytime before. About 45 minutes later the river jammed behind the Madison Motor Inn and caused rapidly rising waters.

The rising water endangered several homes, causing families to evacuate their belongings to the second floor and leave their homes for two nights. All farm animals were taken to neighboring barns. Cellars started filling up quickly, causing families to leave immediately. All roads were covered with water, floating debris, and large ice chunks—making the roads almost impassable.

Kimball's Motel was evacuated as rushing water made its way into the cellar.

At 4 p.m. Saturday roads closed were U.S. Route 2 from Rumford Center Fire Station to the Kemerartis Farm, across from G. H. Bass Shoe Shop; U.S. Route 2 from the Edward Peare residence to the William Barlow residence; the Andover Road from the intersection of Route 2 to the Bruce Ramey home.

The operator of the Rumford Town Highway Department loader was stranded in Rumford Center—a lucky

We think you will find here the good seeds of a future literary generation, developing in the local schools. In most cases, grade levels given are last year's. The college-age winners will be published in October.

thing as it turned out because he was able to assist motorists and local families. The residents of Rumford Center were in communication with the Rumford Fire Department, receiving flood news by way of two-way radio.

At 6:30 Saturday night the water quickly receded. Everybody began to bring their animals home, but as soon as they were settled the water began to rise again. In a matter of minutes it had reached the level at which it was before.

The University of Maine Bears track team was stranded, so the Grange Hall was opened up. People of Rumford Center donated wood and blankets. We were all very thankful to the team for their help in evacuation efforts.

At 10:15 Saturday night the Rumford Center residents were given 20 minutes to evacuate the area. Here was a little village in the middle of nowhere, with all the roads coming into and going out of it blocked off; given 20 minutes to evacuate. Where? The only place to go was up the mountain. It was raining, cold, and very dark. So we all waited. We were very nervous. They told us the ice jams in Berlin, New Hampshire and Bethel, Maine were breaking up and heading straight for us. Our village was sitting almost on top of the river and it didn't sound like a very nice place to be. We all waited, but an hour later the water hadn't risen.

Sunday morning the water was still up, but stable. Between 5 and 6 a.m. the water receded as the jam moved further downriver. Residents moved back to their homes and began cleaning up. Cellars were pumped out with the assistance of the Rumford Fire Department. Traffic was being rerouted to Rumford by way of Andover and Roxbury. U.S. Route 2 from Rumford Center to Rumford was still closed. Sight-seers became nuisances as residents tried to clean up their homes and property.

Monday morning road blocks were removed and schools were opened. Highway crews began cleaning ice chunks and debris out of the roads.

On Tuesday, around 2:30 p.m., the ice jam behind the Virginia section began breaking up, slowly passing under High Bridge and over the dam.

One thing I always wanted was for our little village to be on the news—but I didn't want it that bad!

As time has passed and we have paused to reflect on the events, we find that, in Maine, nature can be frightening and beautiful at the same time. The ice breaking up, the river slowly moving, the crashing sounds and sights were awesome, but at the same time a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to behold.

Christina M. Halacy, Rumford Center
eighth grade, Rumford Junior High
Mr. Farrell, teacher

High School

CONFORMING

Being used.
Feeling every inch of energy
Slowly drip away
And with it
Every inch of resistance.
Feeling the hands
Firm and uncaring
As they mold me into the shape they desire.

Growing up,
Learning how to stop thinking
And speaking of my own soul.
Just keeping quiet
Agreeing with society
Even though inside the fortress of my body
My imprisoned soul screams out,
"Coward!"

It is for the best, though
Because now when people look at me
They see themselves
And are not frightened.

Mary Wasson
Buckfield High School
Mr. Ledoux, teacher



FALL

Fall is a bonfire.
Flaming leaves blaze on branches,
Then drift, ash-like, down.

Fall is a palette.
Winter's brilliant painting
Of summer's sunset.

Fall is the lifeblood
From summer's death-wound
Staining winter's knife.

*Nancy Chase, South Waterford
freshman, Oxford Hills High School
Ms. Hayden, teacher*

EAGLE

Swift and free as the wind
Content
I would like to fly
And be as the eagle is.
Too bad
God made us
Not to fly.

*Darren Rankin, Cornish
freshman, Sacopee Valley High School
Charlene Barton, teacher*

DEPARTED

I loved him, stood beside him,
Bore his children and grew old with him.
I waited for him to ask
What we would do with the rest of our lives
But he didn't ask.

I trampled over the clover
Which grew on his once immaculately
weedless garden;
I waited for him to come running
Through the golden wheat fields
But he didn't come.

I sat on the overstuffed sofa
In front of the fireplace he built for me.
I waited for him to comfort me
With his words of wisdom
But I didn't hear him.

I pulled the sheets over my shoulders
And caught a whiff of his cologne;
And I waited for him to hold me
In his strong arms
But he wasn't there.

A tear trickled down my wrinkled face
And lodged itself softly on his pillow;
I waited for him to wipe it away
But he was gone,
Gone forever.

*Diane Childress, Livermore Falls
freshman, Livermore Falls High School
Ruth Kelleher Shacter, teacher*

THE PIPER

I sat on hillsides
Watching children.
A golden flute my companion.

I played melodies
That floated down valleys
Touching young ears.

That afternoon I strolled down the hillside
Into the dale,
Wandered through stone streets,
Flushed children gathered behind
In light dance.

Early evening we escaped over lush fields
Into a sun that touched the
Edge of the earth,
And through the mouth of a cave where
Babes lay on moist dirt
And slept.

Dawne Gilpatrick

GLADYS

Early island trips brought
Long strolls on red beaches and
Squeals as we slipped our toes into
Tepid water.

Brown freckled and red freckled hands
Clasped tightly as one.

Walking in the shallow tide
Until we hear "that's far enough"
Coming from large-brimmed ladies on the
shore.

Tender toes carefully brush the ocean floor
Searching an agitated sea
We find our prize.
Forty-five cent bread bags half full,
We emerge smooth-toed

"Try one," she said, as we sat breathing
the fresh air.
(And I wouldn't think of touching those
salty,
Dark-bellied things.)

We walk a few steps
To the edge of the ocean
And wade into the water until
It licks our calves.

White-lotioned, hands at our sides,
We wriggle fat toes,
Searching sand for small shells.

Our eighty-five-cent bread bags full,
We walk towards shore,
The salty sea stinging bloodied feet.

"Try one," cuts the air.
Prying the shell apart,
I pull out the mussel
And let the raw clam slide down my throat.

*Dawne Gilpatrick, South Paris
senior, Oxford Hills High School*

THE GOOD TIMES

I'm sure I speak for many farmers when I say life on a farm is a challenging experience. Especially when things go wrong...

"Leo, a cow is missing," Pa called.

"Okay, I'll go looking for it."

"I want to go," Ida said.

"Me, too," Diane echoed. Donning sweatshirts, my brother and sisters started the hunt.

"It's not in the pasture where the others were," Leo shouted. "Let's check the woods." They ventured on for half an hour without stopping.

"Wait a minute, you guys, I'm pooped."

"Diane, you're always pooped. Leo, where are we?" Ida asked, seeking a landmark of any kind.

"I don't know. I've never been here before."

"We're lost!" Diane cried.

"Stop whimpering, Diane. Come on, Leo, let's keep walking." At that moment the heavens opened up and the rain came sloshing down. They plodded on northward.

"Look!" Ida shouted. "Stumps! This must be where Pa's cutting wood. Let's follow the stumps. There must be a trail."

"Finally!" Diane muttered when they reached the pasture.

"We still haven't found the cow," Leo pointed out.

"I'm not going to look for her until I change these clothes," Ida protested.

Giving up their hunt, Leo, Ida, and Diane reported to Pa that they had failed to find Bessie.

"I'm not surprised. She's been here all the time," Pa answered.

"How?" Leo demanded. "You said she was lost."

"She just stepped into the wrong stall and I must have missed her before. I found her when I was milking."

"We looked all over for nothing! What a waste!" The three stomped disgustedly out of the barn.

Now, when cows get loose, they're reasonably easy to round up; but pigs... well, pigs are an altogether different story...

My mother and father had gone into town to get some shavings. We kids were just sitting down to eat hot dogs.

"The pigs are loose!" I screamed as I saw two squealing critters pump their small legs and make for the back of the house—right into the corn!

Barefoot, we all charged out after them and sank immediately up to our knees in mud. Porky and Pinky, of course, were moving nimbly through the gook while we slouched after them.

"Catch them!" Jenille yelled as the pigs streaked out of the garden.

"Aaahhh!" Gerry screamed as he slid back into the mud. Slipping and sliding, we stumbled after them. Fifteen long minutes later, Porky was a prisoner. Pinky soon came willingly.

"We found the broken boards!"

"Go get some nails and a hammer."

When the pen was finally fixed, we went inside to re-heat a cold supper and clean ourselves up before the folks got home.

And it's not just animals that cause farmers headaches. Machinery has an uncanny way of breaking down when you least want it to...

"We've got to get this hay in. It looks like rain," Pa said. We kids unloaded wagons while my father baled the hay. The bales then traveled to the haybarn on our new elevator. Everything ran right on course until we started unloading the second wagon. Then—snap!

"What was that?"

"The elevator chain snapped!"

"I can't fix it. There's a couple of links missing," Robert called. "Leo, got and get Pa."

"I'll take the tractor," Leo answered.

Soon we saw Pa riding up the road with Leo. "Go and get some links from the shop, Gerry," Pa said. When Gerry came back, my father replaced the links.

"Start 'er up," he ordered.

She went smoothly for about five seconds. Then, BANG!! For a little while, my father cussed at the elevator in French.

"I ain't gonna fool around with that any more. Leo, set up the old elevator." We finished off that day using the old elevator. The next day was spent fixing the broken chain.

Of course, the farm does have its other side . . . times when peace fills the air, broken only by chirping birds or a barking dog; flowers dance in the breeze that whispers through the leaves. . . I guess farming's like any other job; you have to take the bad times to enjoy the good ones.

Carmen Castonguay

freshman, Livermore Falls High School

Ruth Kelleher Shacter, teacher

NUCLEAR WARHEADS

With explosive power the world will change
Fear, panic, destruction, death. . .

but why?

Our powers increase with knowledge.

Missiles, vehicles of war

Technologies advance. . .

Society retards.

It was nice here!

We have hope?

At least!

Hope!

Hank Dunn, Kezar Falls

senior, Sacopee Valley High School

Charlene Barton, teacher

625-3530

It was a number for
You to
Call. Your voice was a
Hope that got
In my head, but now
It's all lost.
The number seems dead.

786-0104

I really cannot stand it.
It makes me feel so very damn low.
What'd I say?
What'd I do?
Oooh.
Face.
I won't forget.

Gary Mutti, Hiram
junior, Sacopee Valley High School
Charlene Barton, teacher

NUMBERS

So I have your number,
I know
I haven't called you.
So you have my number also.

It's a mutual thing
Shared by we.
Well, I've still got that phone in my room.

Jennifer Hall

TYPING CLASS

Sounds of printing
Inflicting letters upon
So many pure blank pages
The confrontation for today—
An exacerbate existance.

The type-written limbo
Is never my way.
There's an alternate existence
Where resting and drifting
Absolve the wandered in me.

Jennifer Hall

SUMMER GIRL

Through the open window
The evening breeze from
The spring-swollen river
Cools my bare feet—
A contradiction to the heat
In my always-summer mind.

Amidst a sunset shadow
The lacing of a bird's song
The sweet breath of the air
Of drifting night
Is not a prediction. Still, you
Might be the always-summer kind.

Jennifer Hall

A SWIM

Liquid mirror
Diverse and unified at once
With images of green
And all those growing hues
Softened through sun rays
Touched and entered
By our being—sinking
Amidst the cooling currents.

Jennifer Hall

SPRING

I wasn't in the house today
Or yesterday at all.
The wind that rushed against
The walls was my accomplice.
The sun and life of spring
Turned the house to emptiness.
My heart, it turned toward you.

Jennifer Hall, Cornish
senior, Sacopee Valley High School
Charlene Barton, teacher

ANTIQUES

Antiques are pieces of history
Ageing year to year
Reminders of past happiness
And of the yesteryear.

They're scattered all along a house
An attic stores a lot
Like pieces of tradition
That cannot be forgot.

Though times have always changed
And families always grew
Antiques have been reminders
Of lives that we once knew.

Linda McKenzie

THE STEEPLE CLOCK

On the shelf, in the dining room
sits the steeple clock;
Not a sound is heard throughout
but the rhythmic tick and tock.

Through the knocks and through the falls,
it has lost its chime;
But through the times, thick and thin,
It has kept its time.

The eagle on the glass in front
his wings they seem to glide.
His feathers deeply colored brown
as they stretch from side to side.

The long thin hands of darkened brass,
around the face they go.
Faithful is that steeple clock,
it's never fast nor slow.

Linda McKenzie
freshman, Buckfield High School
Mr. Ledoux, teacher

THE FOOL

An Allegory

The king scowled down the lone figure of his jester, insignificant before the towering throne. "It is said you spoke a phrase that caused the turmoil at the banquet tonight. Tell it to me."

The fool lowered his wide, blue eyes and bit his lower lip. He took a deep breath and mumbled, "Many kingdoms would prosper if there sat in the throne a noble fool in place of the foolish noble." He glanced up and saw the king's fury. "I did not but make a pun, my Lord—I did not intend..."

"Silence!" thundered the king. "Such insolence will not go unpunished! If I did not expect such idiocy from a fool, I would have you hanged. Guards! Take him away for fifty lashes."

"But, my Lord!" The fool whimpered and struggled feebly as the guards dragged him from the room. The thick oaken door closed upon the king's sneer. The fool straightened with cat-like grace as the guards released him. The three slipped down a dim hall and out an unadorned door. The guards crept with dull quiet through the woods, followed silently by the lithe fool, until they reached a clearing near the peasant village.

The night woods were filled with the leaping demon shadows of torchlight. The fool slipped off his cap and bells and threw

them contemptuously into the underbrush. In the dimness, he could barely recognize the faces waiting there. A page approached him and gazed at him almost in worship. "All are present, sir. They want you to speak. Be careful: most of them have been at the tavern. They are in a wild mood."

"Very well." The fool stepped to the center of the clearing. His gaudy reds and yellows contrasted with the rags of the peasants and the stern uniforms of the royal guards. The crowd surged around him in anticipation. "If all goes as planned, my people, this is our night of victory! Never again shall you be oppressed by the tyranny of a heartless king. This land will prosper, and we shall prosper with it."

There was a muffled cheering, but one coarse stranger shoved his way through the crowd to face the fool. "You shall die for such treachery to our noble protector!" His dagger shone ice in the flickering light. The fool glanced toward the guards; instantly they seized the cursing lout. The fool smirked and turned to the muttering crowd. "What shall we do with this spy, this traitor to his people, this servant to that 'noble protector' who has stolen and killed, burned and beaten?"

The unrest grew to a roar of fury. The mob strained toward the spy. The fool nodded slightly to the guards. They stepped back and the spy was engulfed in a

tide of hatred. Blows and shouts battered the night. The drunken, rabid peasants turned on each other in their madness. The fool crouched in the core of the cyclone of death. Someone jostled him from behind. Without thinking, he whirled and buried his dagger in the man's chest. He pulled it free and slipped away as the man slumped to the grass, dropping his lighted torch. A breeze caressed the growing flames.

The king started and whirled to face the door as it swung open. He relaxed when he saw his jester entering, and turned back to the window. He strained his eyes against the black satin night. He could hear sounds of violence, and fear fluttered like bats within his mind. "Someone has been stirring discontent among the peasants. It must be stopped!" The fool was silent. "I must find out who is causing this rebellion." Still no reply. The king spun around, filled with foreboding. He opened his mouth to speak but stopped abruptly at the sight of his jester.

The fool was directly behind him. His silks were slashed and stained; his blonde hair was matted with sweat; and blood oozed from a gash in the pale skin along one cheekbone. He raised his eyes and the king saw a face no longer bland and innocent, but filled with sharp, fanatic genius. Those narrowed steely eyes held him transfixed as the fool's knife released the life from the great veins along his throat. The king swayed slightly and toppled into the spreading, crimson pool on the floor.

A flickering orange glow had been steadily growing brighter as it flooded through the window. It cast frenzied shadows on the opposite wall and reflected in the eyes of the fool. His cold, haughty profile was dappled in exultant light as he stood in the stone tower and watched the flames devour the peasants' village.

And the fool smiled.

Nancy Chase, South Waterford
freshman, Oxford Hills High School
Ms. Hayden, teacher

UNTITLED

A touch is traveled farther than the toucher may know. A touch is traveled deeper beneath the skin surface, traveled endlessly through the blood stream 'til it reaches the heart. From the heart the touch goes to the mind to hide as a memory, instantly to be brought to the hand for response.

Have you ever loved something that was never really something to love?

Heather Hutchinson, South Paris
sophomore, Oxford Hills High School

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Heading Out

THE JONES GALLERY OF GLASS & CERAMICS

In Maine, one can still stumble upon unexpected treasure in the woods—little places to visit and see real bits of the past. Recently, we found one of the rarest of gems hidden away up on Douglas Hill between Sebago and West Baldwin.

The Jones Gallery of Glass and Ceramics is more than just a modest display in a converted goat barn. Founder-curator Dorothy-Lee Jones has set up a museum worthy of international renown, beginning with her first piece—a paperweight she collected at the age of seven—and now numbering well over 3000 items.

The gallery and shop is a converted barn—but it's an elegant conversion, with paneling, Tiffany stained glass, oriental carpets, and an awesome view of the Presidential mountain range to augment a stunning selection of the finest glass and ceramics from Europe, England, America, and the Far East.

Dorothy-Lee Jones doesn't like the term museum because "people think museums are stuffy." The Jones Gallery is anything *but*. Admission is modest: adults \$1.75; children 6-16 75¢, under six free; and there are special group rates. The lower floor of the gallery offers items for sale from the reasonable to the ridiculous. And upstairs the focus is on education.

As a non-profit educational organization, the Gallery has been given many gifts and has acquired a reputation among collectors and lecturers for its expertise. Its board of trustees contains members of prestigious organizations such as the Smithsonian and the Museum of the American China Trade.

The Gallery itself is a new member of the Fellows of Corning Museum of Glass in New York and soon will have microfiche and slides to add to their 1200-volume research library for identification and cataloguing. Experts know the Jones Gallery. The average western Mainers never heard of it before now.



Dorothy-Lee Jones (left) and the collection she started: now Jones Gallery (right)



Full-day lectures and identification programs continue into October but the gallery is open by appointment even into November. Teaching displays will soon be set up to tell the story of glass and ceramics in an interesting way. Far more than just a place to look at pretty, glittery dishes, the Jones Gallery is a comprehensive historical display.

"I've always liked the broad scope," says Dorothy-Lee Jones. "The history of mankind can be told by its glass and ceramics. I'm interested in social economics—for instance the commercial aspects of certain kinds of containers for trade; or what types of wine certain glasses were developed for. I'm also interested in history—how and why the table became "cluttered" in one century, or why we have certain trends in pottery . . .

"There's a constant interplay between companies and countries. For instance, oriental porcelain so influenced Europe in the 19th century that all porcelain came to be called "china." Her knowledge is endless.

The historical continuity displayed here along with the Chinese porcelains, English chinoiserie, Early American bottles, French cloisonné and art nouveau, is still only a part of the story. Old medicinal glass pieces, glass blowing tools, a Magic Lantern and slides all add to the interest stirred by Sandwich glass, Staffordshire, Wedgwood, and modern pottery.

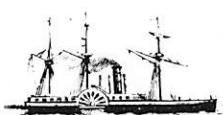
And Dorothy-Lee Jones and her staff of six (including a staff photographer) feel quite strongly that part of their function is to talk about what is good or not good in design, "so people can train their eye."

It is a comprehensive educational experience and a delight for the eye—from utility to exquisite frivolity. Through October, Mr. George O. Bird, curator, will feature on loan from the Boston Museum of Fine Arts a collection of "Lustered Surface" pieces from the 15th to the 20th centuries.

Discreet signs will lead you from Route 107 to the green, terraced building on Douglas Hill (formerly "Glass Basket" Antiques). Head on over, why don't you? It will be worth the trip.

Nancy Marcotte

SETTING SAIL FOR ROCKLAND



Tired of picture-pretty villages with their steeples, shoppes and flowers? Try Rockland. Approaching from the south, you pass a cement plant. From the west, vast quarries yawn by the side of the road. From the north, Camden's neatness gives way to fast-food parking lots, loud signs and a mixture of architectural modes. From the east you'd come to Rockland by boat, entering a large, curving harbor

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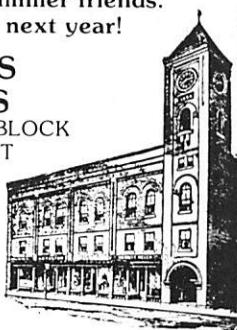
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 to all our summer friends.
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where marine industrial buildings stand out beyond the town itself into Penobscot Bay. You'd pass the New Samoset, successor to the famous summer resort hotel run for so many years by the Rickers of Poland Spring—but that would be almost the only visual evidence that Rockland has an interest in recreation of the smiling kind.

From the start of its history, Rockland has been vital, rather than pretty. It was a ship-building town for a time; local shop names recall the clipper ship *Red Jacket*, built there in the mid-nineteenth century. But the town's real growth and importance came as a result of the lime trade. Lime for mortar to build the cities of America was made from rock quarried nearby and burned in kilns along the shore.

The lime kilns no longer operate, but the prosperity of nineteenth century Rockland is still evident in the business blocks and homes built to shelter and serve and entertain the populace that labored here. Shrewd investments in land and business by one of Rockland's worthies, Lucy Farnsworth, were the seed from which Rockland's present celebrity as a tourist destination derives. She left a fortune in memory of her father to build and endow the William A. Farnsworth Library and Museum of Art which today attracts visitors from across the country.

The museum's importance derives from its fine collection of American art, much of it produced in Maine, and its connection with a famous family that has summered in nearby Cushing during most of this century: the Wyeths.

For most Americans, nineteenth century classics of adventure and derring-do—*Treasure Island*, *The Last of the Mohicans*—are synonymous with the illustrations of N. C. Wyeth. The Farnsworth owns and shows many of his original paintings and drawings. Andrew Wyeth, N.C.'s son, is today more popular than any other American artist, and the Farnsworth collection includes many of his most famous paintings. *Christina's World* is not there, but one can view the equally haunting *Her Room*, with its hallucinatory evocation of yearning, threat, memory, and dream. The works of the third Wyeth, Andrew's son Jamie, are likely to leave visitors both fascinated

and repelled. Decay in Andrew's painting is dry, while in Jamie's it is wet, and seething with a maggot-like and microscopic life; his close-up views of pigs in mire, or of sheep, make one feel both the humor and the essential horror of animal existence. One feels that if one could touch the painting, the hand would come away wet as with the trail of a slug.

The Wyeth's ingrown, unabashedly literary painting has a current antidote at the Farnsworth, however. The major summer exhibit is a cheerful show of nineteenth century views of Maine cities and towns. Called *Through A Bird's Eye*, it traces the development of Maine topographical views, from Romantic paintings without much detail through the lithographs and watercolors of the Civil War era that show every hillock, street and building in town. The exhibit also includes several advertisements for Maine resorts and land developments—including a beautiful broadside for Kineo on Moosehead Lake. It's an exhibit for people who like to stare and stare and stare again, because each picture contains so much detail. Particularly fine are views of Bangor and Portland at the height of their pre-Civil War development. To look at these makes one thrill with the optimism of the nineteenth century.

The spirit and opulence of this era can be seen in a different way in the Farnsworth homestead, which adjoins the museum. A Greek Revival mansion built in 1850, it is, on the interior, a beautifully preserved example of Victorian taste. Lucy Farnsworth evidently lived in the house until 1935 without updating it at all. Lace, plush, and rich walnut furniture are evident, along with the latest in the technology of convenience that was available at the time—the kitchen has an early cookstove shipped to Maine in 1850 from Boston, and running water in two of the bedrooms. Children will enjoy the carriage house, complete with model horse.

Children will also enjoy the wonderful Marine artifacts displayed downstairs at the museum, including a figurehead from a ship, huge seen close up, several beautifully detailed ships' models, and a fantastic construction called "The Sailor's Dream," with carved sea-monsters and painted waves.



View of Portland, 1865, a lithograph of Portland harbor published by Bailey & Noyes—an example of the "bird's eye views" on display at the Farnsworth Art Museum in Rockland until September 28th.

The Farnsworth sits just behind Rockland's Main Street, in a busy section that mixes residences, public buildings, and business blocks. These business blocks are some of Rockland's architectural glories, and one is well-advised to look up above the first floor of display windows to see the patterns of granite and brick that make them distinctive. One building has cast-iron window-tops decorated with portrait heads and star designs. On Tillson Street, you pass a pillared Greek Revival house to get to the nice old-fashioned Edwards ice cream stand—lots of flavors to choose from, and a big cone for 50¢. Both buildings stand in what was once Sea Street, nineteenth-century Rockland's red-light district.

Rockland probably has some good sit down restaurants, but I found

complete happiness at a little stand with a sign that said, "Eats." On lower Main Street going toward Thomaston, it features home-cut french fries, skins on, and hot dogs with grilled onions. The lunch wagon seems to be a Rockland institution; I found two others with similar menus plying their trade into the early evening.

The yearly seafood festival gives evidence that Rockland doesn't mind its food a bit messy, as long as it's good. Rockland itself is a bit messy. The town history points out that its beautiful harbor is virtually invisible, lined as it is with industrial buildings.

The sculptor Louise Nevelson, a frank and strong lady noted for her elegant assemblages, comes from Rockland, and was given a show at

the Farnsworth a few years ago. She has not loved the town in any way one could construe as sentimental, but in a sense her bold creations can be read as a nice symbol of its strength and variety—forms made from flotsam, but strong and soaring, with their own logic and life.

G. R. Allen

From June 1 to September 30 the Farnsworth Art Museum is open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Monday through Saturday; 1 to 5 p.m. on Sunday. From October 1 to May 31 it is open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Tuesday through Saturday; 1 to 5 p.m. on Sunday. (Closed on legal holidays.) Admission is free.

The Homestead is open June 1 to mid-September, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Monday through Saturday; 1 to 5 p.m. on Sunday. Admission is \$1.00 for adults, 50¢ for children.

MY SCARECROW

A jaunty smile on his comical face,
He thought himself one
of the human race.

All summer his work was

laid out straight—

He guarded the fields so
I could eat.

Yesterday he left; secular
pieces one by one

Tossed in the shed—
his garden days done.

Jean Evelyn Rand
Fryeburg

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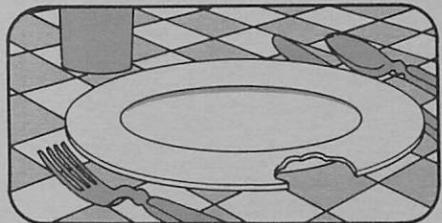
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Concerning The Bean Patch
by Lucia Owen

Tins of foie gras and caviar, bottles of vintage burgundy, sides of smoked salmon—I press my nose against the glass of expensive shops whenever I get the chance. It's about the cheapest entertainment in town these days. Window shopping in general rates as a legitimate spectator sport, but I especially recommend contemplating displays of edibles, the more extravagantly unaffordable, the better. Gratifying the appetite for luxury often lies in the looking, not the buying.

For the same kind of gratification, I window shop along the produce aisles of any large metropolitan supermarket. In fact, when my husband and I find ourselves out of Maine in mid-winter, we unanimously find the store with the grandest array of fresh vegetables. In southern California, for instance, we watch armies of little men with hoses sprinkle the produce regularly, resulting in imitation morning dew—how Californian! After several Maine months of choosing between waxed turnips or squash, red cabbage or green, iceberg lettuce or iceberg lettuce, we are enraptured. Bunches of red lettuce, bibb, romaine, chard and spinach, beets and carrots with luxuriant tops—and nothing comes in plastic bags.

The difference between looking at displays of imported groceries and displays of bibb lettuce suggests important things about the fabric of one's life. We can't afford the foie gras, but we can splurge and treat ourselves to the bibb lettuce and feel suitably decadent. It all depends on what you call luxury. People in the smoked pheasant and French wine bracket simply buy good food as a matter of course. Those of us in the generic red-type table wine bracket have to resort to more creative strategems to achieve a similar, if not more profound, kind of luxury. My

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Sun	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thurs	Fri	Sat
SEPTEMBER						
1	2	3	4	5		
California 7:30 p.m.	California 7:30 p.m.	Seattle 7:30 p.m.	Seattle 7:30 p.m.	Seattle 2:00 p.m.		
6 Seattle 2:00 p.m.	7 Detroit 8:00 p.m.	8 Detroit 8:00 p.m.	9 Detroit 8:00 p.m.	10	11 New York 8:00 p.m.	12 New York 2:00 p.m.
13 New York 2:00 p.m.	14 Detroit 7:30 p.m.	15 Detroit 7:30 p.m.	16 Detroit 7:30 p.m.	17 Detroit 7:30 p.m.	18 New York 7:30 p.m.	19 New York 2:00 p.m.
20 New York 2:00 p.m.	21 Milwaukee 7:30 p.m.	22 Milwaukee 7:30 p.m.	23 Milwaukee 7:30 p.m.	24 Cleveland 7:30 p.m.	25 Cleveland 7:30 p.m.	26 Cleveland 2:00 p.m.
27 Cleveland 2:00 p.m.	28 Milwaukee 8:30 p.m.	29 Milwaukee 8:30 p.m.	30 Milwaukee 8:30 p.m.			
			Home game	Away game		

1	2	3	4	5		
California 7:30 p.m.	California 7:30 p.m.	Seattle 7:30 p.m.	Seattle 7:30 p.m.	Seattle 2:00 p.m.		
6 Seattle 2:00 p.m.	7 Detroit 8:00 p.m.	8 Detroit 8:00 p.m.	9 Detroit 8:00 p.m.	10	11 New York 8:00 p.m.	12 New York 2:00 p.m.
13 New York 2:00 p.m.	14 Detroit 7:30 p.m.	15 Detroit 7:30 p.m.	16 Detroit 7:30 p.m.	17 Detroit 7:30 p.m.	18 New York 7:30 p.m.	19 New York 2:00 p.m.
20 New York 2:00 p.m.	21 Milwaukee 7:30 p.m.	22 Milwaukee 7:30 p.m.	23 Milwaukee 7:30 p.m.	24 Cleveland 7:30 p.m.	25 Cleveland 7:30 p.m.	26 Cleveland 2:00 p.m.
27 Cleveland 2:00 p.m.	28 Milwaukee 8:30 p.m.	29 Milwaukee 8:30 p.m.	30 Milwaukee 8:30 p.m.			
			Home game	Away game		

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heart goes out to the people in the middle, neither rich nor poor, condemned to endless processions of TV dinners, canned ravioli, and tuna noodle bake. Half my ancestry is pure peasant, the other half probably was. It's we peasants who really know something about living well. Necessity constrains us because we know the difference.

Born of necessity in the last five years, our top new luxury-item discovery has been minestrone soup. (Yes, the final "e" is pronounced.) By minestrone soup I do not mean the insipid stuff in cans, but a solid brew in which you conveniently stand a spoon while reaching for the salt. Beans and cabbage are its basic ingredients, both fundamental to country cooking world-wide. These humble components, pure peasant in origin, produce in minestrone something to nourish body, soul, and pocketbook while simultaneously using up every vegetable in the garden. What else do you do with that nine-pound Savoy cabbage after it's won a blue ribbon at the North Waterford World's Fair?

I make the following recipe in the

largest container I can find, then freeze it by the quart. Several large bowls of it, covered with parmesan cheese, accompanied by lots of thinly-sliced, crisply toasted, well-buttered and garlicked home-made French bread and a salad, make a comforting winter dinner. Profoundly hungry men have been known to go away satisfied from such a spread. Likewise, the wolf who usually lives at our door backs off, growling in frustration.

Minestrone Soup

2 cups dried white beans (navy, soaked overnight)
1/2 cup olive oil
2 cloves garlic, chopped
1 medium onion, chopped
2 stalks celery, chopped
1 carrot, chopped
2 sprigs rosemary, finely cut up
1/2 cup bacon or ham, chopped
5 tsp. tomato paste
1/2 head Savoy cabbage, shredded
2-3 leeks, chopped
3 medium zucchini, chopped
basil and parsley to taste
1 clove
salt and pepper

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Cook the beans in their soaking water until they are done. If you don't use a pressure cooker, it will take two hours. Purée half the beans, reserve the puree, the whole beans, and the cooking water. The purée thickens the soup. Heat the oil and sauté in a large heavy pan the following: garlic, onion, celery, carrot, rosemary, and bacon. Cook gently until they begin to brown, then add the tomato paste, diluted with a little water. Then add all the remaining ingredients, including the bean purée, whole beans, and whatever amount of their cooking water seems necessary for the right consistency. Add more water if needed. Season to taste and cook for about 30 minutes. Noodles may be added to cook at this point, but the soup is so thick that I've never done it.

My husband's reaction to the first batch we ever made was simple and direct after slicing up mounds of cabbage: "It sure beats eating sauerkraut." He feels his present outlook and temperament come from eating too much sauerkraut as an impressionable boy with a Dutch grandmother. He even eyes coleslaw askance.

But, he hastens to remind me, New England country fare has evolved superior dishes from the same kind of human condition that produced my minestrone. Obviously, New England baked beans can take their place with the rest of the world's truly great bean recipes. How sweet the beans should be, how long they ought to cook, and the relative merits of the bean hole to the slow cooker, I leave to greater authorities than I. Any rash judgements on issues so near to New England's heart would be risky indeed. Molasses is the basic sweetener, suggesting colonial origins and the rum trade. I've seen recipes calling for maple syrup as well, suggesting an older time when maple syrup was ordinary stock in north country kitchens. Odd, the way past staples become present luxuries as we rush on making progress.

The next time I feel the need to pamper myself, I will feast my eyes on pyramids of truffles or French champagne. Then I will happily return to my own little bean patch where I can make an opulent life out of the simplest fare.



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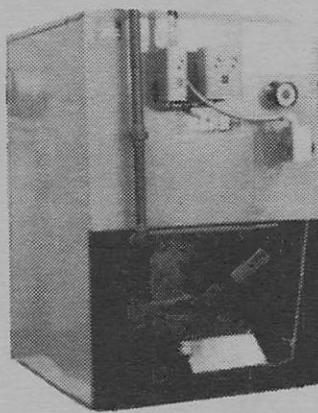
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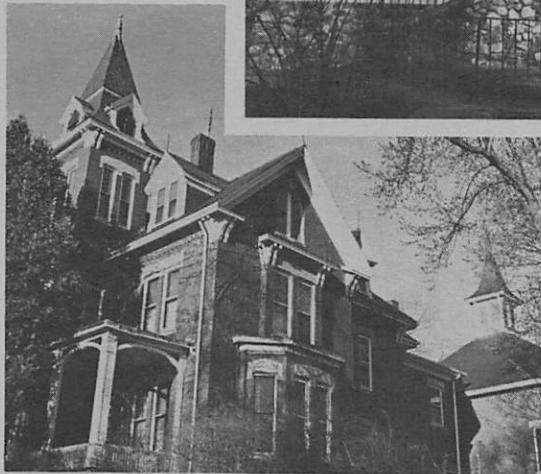
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1



2



One of several spired establishments in the upper Main Street area which sits hard up against the slopes of Mount David behind the Bates campus, this post-Civil War dowager (2) was built as an ensemble, its main tower almost matched by the spired carriage shed. The growing cedars have compromised a little the effect of the main door, but the brick-walled, vertically emphatic design, meant no doubt to be the cynosure of all eyes in its era, maintains its Victorian dignity even into the 1980's. The mansard-roofed mansion (4) shows mid-Victorian taste, when a fondness for the empire of Napoleon III led to a proliferation of French-roofed houses in America, vaguely based on the new addition to the Louvre and the grand boulevards of the "new" Paris planned by Baron Haussmann. The resolutely American penchant for bracketing is also displayed—on the bay.

4

Major Mansions

L



3

These establishments were built as monuments to achieved ambitions, visible demonstrations that, at times, man's home could actually be his castle. The presence of houses like this serves to remind us that our civilization came from ideas we probably do not fully know, nor easily understand. The buildings of the past are always a mystery, often a bother—but part of us. Both buildings (above) are splendid settings for their present uses—business and professional offices—a good way to keep these monuments productive and in good repair but without the need to level the porch or compromise the facade with large-scale commercial signs.

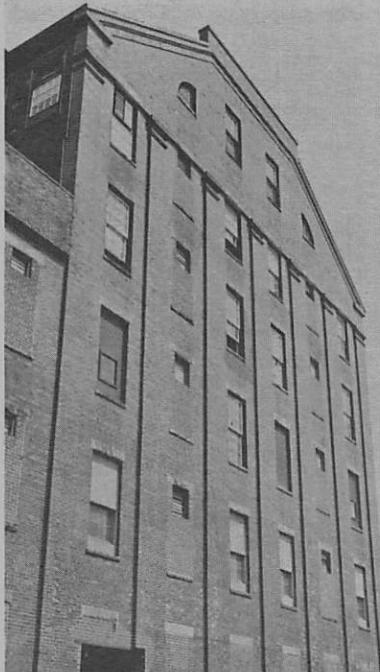
Upper Main Street in Lewiston, now mostly known as the road between downtown and the entrance to the Vietnam Veterans Bridge, is also a precinct of lush and expensive houses, built late in the 19th and early in the 20th century as homes for prosperous families of a successful textile town. The colonial revival house (1) is a typical design of that *fin de siecle* time when it was built, when America began to recall its architectural roots. The elaborate window of the house just below it (3) shows this desire, too. Here, the Federal fanlight appears within the rounded bay of a late Victorian mansion showing other, heavier features from the "Brown Decades" (the 1880's & 1890's) of American Architecture: the leaded stained glass panel, the massive stonework of the porch.

There are tenements and there are tenements! Here (5) is a palatial assembly of bay windows, shallow porches, and a corner turret which, while bringing up the population density, raises the stylishness of the district as well. The paneled surfaces of the bay windows are a feature of the style known as Queen Anne, popular in the 1890's.

5



ions & Mills ewiston's Architecture



6

7



8

Like giants, they fill the land between the river and the canal, vast buildings made to sustain the heavy iron machinery of the nineteenth century; to absorb the vibrations of the rumbling looms, racketing shuttles, quaking cards. Fed by the waters of the Androscoggin, by steam, eventually by electricity, they formed the economic heart for the city that became Lewiston. And they exhibit architectural expressions both of power and of grace.

The earlier of those shown here—the Hill—is Cyclopean. Its truncated gables and somber walls suggest vast, heavily-framed spaces within. The building is so large it is difficult to see it as a whole, but actually it has an elephantine symmetry, with the temple-like mill office set on the canal between two enormous L-shaped wings. The end walls of the main blocks are particularly powerful (7). Powerful still, but more human in scale are the dormered shapes of the smaller buildings that run at right angles to the main blocks (6 and 8).

The Continental Mill is also built on a vast scale, but its shape and style have an assurance based on a later outlook, in which a concern for industrial efficiency is combined with a taste for graceful form. The arched openings (10) and cupola-like roofs (11) of the towers set a less sober, more joyous mood for the building than one finds in the Hill. The piers of the wall soar high to a festive bracketed cornice which, with the long line of shallow, lightly-framed dormers, gives the building (9) the look of a chateau. The Hill, above, looks more like a fortification—positively defensible, it speaks of determination, caution, self-possession.

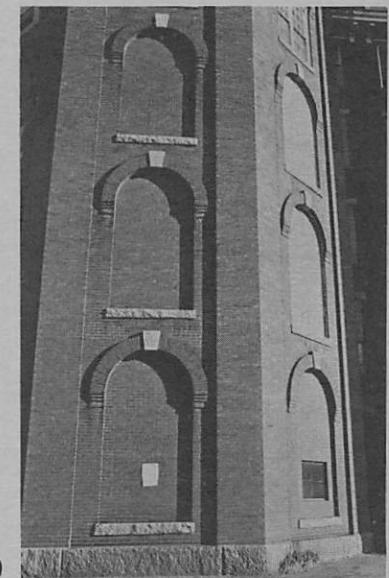
The Continental's architecture includes at least the possibility of pleasure, born of an assurance granted by the success of Lewiston's industry in the 1860's. It seems somewhat incongruous with the sweat-shop labor that went on inside.

Life has changed in the past century, but it is good to know that both mills still function—though in a different mode and with new and varied businesses—to create the life of the city around them, the city whose major growth their building inaugurated.

photos & text
by G. R. Allen



9



10



11



Oxford County Agricultural Fair

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SEPTEMBER
13-14-15-16-17-18-19



September 13: Sunday

- 9:00 am Maine Horseshoe Pitching Tourney
10:00 am New England Diary Goat Show
Saddle Horse & Pony Show
1:00 pm Fireman's Muster
4-Wheel Drive Pull: Open to the
World; 4 classes
2:00 pm Fiddlers' Contest
Baby Show (following fiddlers)

September 14: Monday

- Jr. Woodsmen Field Day Events
11:00 am Woodsmen Field Day Events
7:00 pm 4-Wheel Drive Pull: Powder Puff
(3500 lb. & 5000 lb. classes)
4-H Cake Judging

September 15: Tuesday

- 9:30 am Pulling - 1600 & 2000 lb. Cattle
2400 lb. Cattle
10:30 am Draft Pony Show
1:00 pm 4-H Horse Show
1:30 pm Pulling - 2800 lb. Cattle,
3200 lb. & 3600 lb. Cattle
3:00 pm Judging Brown Swiss, Ayrshires,
Herefords
6:00 pm Pig Scramble (10 & 11 yrs.)
7:00 pm 4-H Cake Auction
4-Wheel Drive Powder Puff
(6000 lb. & 6500 lb. class)
Powder Puff Pull (women only)
2 classes - Cattle
8:00 pm EVENING ENTERTAINMENT
Miss Oxford County Fair
Beauty Pageant

ADMISSIONS:

- Sunday - Wednesday: Adults \$2.00 / Children 6-15 50¢
Thursday (Children's Day): Adults \$2.00 / 15 & Under FREE
Friday (Senior Citizens' Day): Senior Citizens (65 & over)
FREE / Adults \$2.00 / 15 & Under FREE
Saturday (4-H Day): Adults \$2.50 / Children 6-15 50¢

September 16: Wednesday

- 10:00 am Judging Steers, Oxen, Matched
Cattle, Beef & Town Teams
1:00 pm Judging Milking Shorthorn,
Beef Shorthorn
Continued Judging Town Teams &
Matched Cattle
7:00 pm Pulling - 4000 lb. Cattle
Oxen Sweepstakes
4-Wheel Drive: Open to State
of Maine (3500 & 5000 lb. classes)
8:00 pm EVENING ENTERTAINMENT -
Mime Theater Group
Montanaro Productions of
Paris Hill

September 17: Thursday

- 9:00 am Judging Market Lambs
1:00 pm Pulling Horses - 2900 & 3000 lbs.
Judging Jersey & Devon
Judging Contest for 4-H Members
5:00 pm Pig Scramble (8 & 9 yrs.)
5:30 pm Judging 4-H Auction Steers
7:00 pm Pulling Horses - 3200 & 3400 lbs.
4-Wheel Drive Events: Open to
State of Maine (6000 lb. & 6500 lb.
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Lead Line - 4-H Sheep
7:30 pm Silage Corn Judging
8:00 pm EVENING ENTERTAINMENT
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Recollections of Life Down On The Farm: THE COUNTY FAIR

Going to the fair was an exciting expedition. Mother and the girls packed big lunch hampers with roasted chickens, bread, cakes, cookies, and pickles. Father hitched the Morgans to the two-seated democrat. On the morning of the big day the family was up at three o'clock and by five everyone was ready to start. It was fun to ride behind the briskly trotting horses along the valley road, through a town or two, and over the ridge to the county seat.

The day at the fair grounds followed a pattern established by years of experience. While Father and the boys made the rounds of the long cattle sheds, saw the sheep, the hogs, and the weight-pulling contest, Mother and the girls spent their time in the handicraft building, inspecting the patchwork quilts, hooked rugs, sewing and embroidery. At noon there was a big picnic lunch, with families and friends gathering in the grove at the end of the fair grounds. In the afternoon there were exhibits of fruits and vegetables to see and the trotting races to watch.

A twelve-year-old lad wanted to take in all these things, of course. But in addition he had to ride the merry-go-round, the ferris wheel, and the bucking donkey. He spent several dimes on games of chance and several more on big handfuls of air-filled, flimsy spun candy. He drank too many bottles of root beer and ate too much ice cream. He marveled at the acrobats in their show on the platform before the grandstand, and made an ironclad resolution that some day he would be an acrobat and travel all over the land.

In the late afternoon the farm teams began rolling homeward. It had been a strenuous and exciting day. County fair was over for another year.

—from "The Countryman's Year"
by Haydn S. Pearson

Maine Agricultural Events 1981

Aug. 30 - Sept. 7, Windsor Fair - Miss Windsor pageant; Sept. 4 - 7, Hancock County Fair, Blue Hill - fireworks shows, sheep-dog trials, only non-pari-

mutuel harness racing in state; Sept. 4-7, Springfield - Children's Day, four-wheel-drive pickup pulling contest; Sept. 10-13, Clinton Lions Club Fair - pony, horse & oxen pulling, class C horse show; Sept. 11-13, Litchfield - pig scrambles & pulling events; Sept. 13-19, Oxford County Fair, Oxford - four-wheel-drive & tractor pull, horse show, woodsman day, 4-H day, cattle shows, pulling events daily Weds.-Sat., nightly entertainment; Sept. 14-19, Sagadahoc Agricultural & Horticultural Fair, Topsham - top entertainment all six nights, fiddler's contest Fri. night; Sept. 10-16, Franklin County Fair, Farmington - exhibition hall, covered pulling ring; Sept. 25-17, Common Ground Fair, Windsor - fiddlers' contest, animal displays, children's area, rural skill & alternative energy demonstrations; Sept. 26-27, North New Portland Lions Club Fair - horse pulling, exhibits, rides; Sept. 27 - Oct. 3, Cumberland Farmers Club Fair - international ox pull, live educational demonstrations, crafts, parade on Sat.; Oct. 4-11, West Oxford Agricultural Fair, Fryeburg - woodsman's field day, calf & pig scrambles, grand parade, farm museum, entertainment, pari-mutuel harness racing.

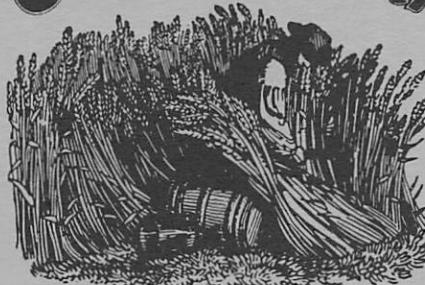
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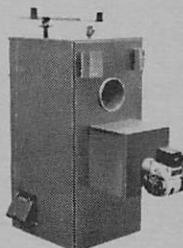
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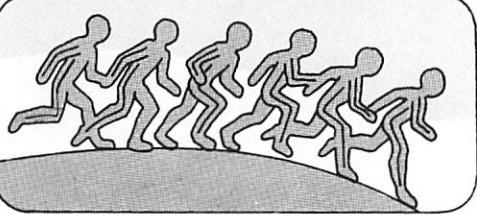
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Medicine For The Hills

by
Michael A. Lacombe, M.D.

Sexual Myths and Teenage Pregnancy

Why is it that our area has one of the highest rates of teen pregnancy in the state? Many would say that liberalized sexual attitudes might account for it; or socioeconomic factors, or family discord, or promiscuity. And perhaps a few girls really do get pregnant to seek revenge upon their parents.

But it is a fact that eight out of ten girls between the ages of ten and nineteen who become pregnant really did not wish to become pregnant. Few of these girls use any contraceptive methods, however. These girls are neither promiscuous nor vindictive toward their parents. They are quite simply misinformed and lacking in education in human sexuality—education which is most certainly their right. Prevalent myths about sex to which teens subscribe lead to irresponsible behavior. A major purpose of sex education (which education is often lacking in Maine) is to dispel such sexual myths and to promote responsible behavior.

Myth #1

It is commonly believed that sex education and open discussion about sex will lead to experimentation, promiscuity, and an increase in teenage pregnancy. This belief is not prevalent among teenagers but rather among parents, clergy, and teachers; those people who, ironically, are most in a position to do something about sex education. This belief is a myth; it does not hold water. Research has shown that sex education leads to more responsible behavior rather than less, and tends to promote postponement of sexual

intercourse among teenagers rather than leading to promiscuity. Those teenagers exposed to sex education are more apt to act with understanding and caution; those without sex education simply take risks.

Myth #2

"If you plan to have sex, that is immoral; whereas spontaneous sex is acceptable morally because one cannot help oneself and is not responsible for one's actions." Quite a myth, that one! A loaded pistol! Here is a myth to which we all have, to greater or lesser extent, at one time subscribed. Briefly stated, the more spontaneity in matters sexual and the less planning involved, the less "sinful" you are.

The psychological conflict here is quite complex. The teenager denies that any planning of sexual behavior occurs. This type of denial is most common among those young people who are most guilty about their sexuality. In the extreme case, intense denial on the part of a teenage girl may include denial that consummation of sexual intercourse ever actually occurred. Whether the girl feels simply out of control of the situation (and thus not morally responsible) or whether she denies that coitus ever occurred (when indeed it did), an unwanted pregnancy is the usual result. When a teenager holds that only spontaneous sex is moral (or at least not immoral), such a teenager trades responsible behavior for passion. How ironic that those young people who are made to feel most guilty about their sexuality

tend also not to use any contraception (since that would involve planning). They tend also not to refrain from sexual intercourse during the teenage years. Open discussions about sexuality with teenagers would allow them to think about their sexuality, permit them to behave responsibly.

Myth #3

Most teenagers believe that all of their peers are having sexual intercourse. In believing this myth, they believe that they are missing out on something, or are in some way abnormal. In truth, about half of all teenagers are still virgins by the age of nineteen; and each thinks that he or she is the only virgin in town. Sexual revolution among teenagers has been grossly exaggerated. There are still far more virgins than anyone thinks. It is promiscuity among teenagers that is really the myth.

Still, the media would have us think otherwise: that teenage promiscuity is the norm. This leads many teenagers to believe that they are missing out on something; and this belief in turn leads to irresponsible, unplanned behavior. If young people can be made to see that *not* "everyone is doing it" and if we can support our teenager's right to say "no," we can begin to dispel this myth.

Myth #4

There is confusion about sex and love. This is not news. The issue has been confused for some 4000 years. Young women especially believe that sex and love are equated; that is that sex means love. Teenage girls still believe that if they have sex with someone, he will be more likely to love them afterwards. Such is hardly the case! By discussing with young people the difference between love and sexual attraction and by examining openly the very common intense physical reaction that occurs

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in the teen years, we can begin to help teenagers separate out their feelings and begin to act responsibly.

Myth #5

Prevalent among teenage boys is the belief that "no" means "yes." Teenage girls compound the problem by believing that it is okay for a boy to force a girl to have sex if she has "turned him on." When these two beliefs meet head-on, the result can be teenage pregnancy.

One person says "no" and means it, but may give in to another's further advances. We need to discuss with our teenagers how to say no, how to be blunt, and how to dampen the ardor of the aggressive partner. Have we discussed such topics with our teenagers recently?

Myth #6

There is considerable misinformation about the menstrual cycle and when pregnancy can occur in relation to the cycle. It is commonly believed that one can never get pregnant during menstruation, that sexual intercourse during a girl's period is therefore safe. This is not true. A woman may get pregnant through

sexual intercourse on any day of her menstrual cycle, menstrual days included. The reason why this may happen involves a discussion of ovulation, the viable period of sperm and ovum, and where fertilization takes place—topics of human sexuality which may occupy one or two hours of a sex education course.

Whether we like it or not, almost every teenager is or will be faced with the decision of whether or not to have sexual intercourse, and with whom, under what circumstances, and with or without contraception ...

In a large survey of teenagers, less than half of those surveyed knew the most likely time during a woman's menstrual cycle when pregnancy may occur, and less than half knew that a woman can get pregnant even if her sexual partner withdraws before ejaculation takes place. Many girls believe also that they are too

young to get pregnant, or don't have sex frequently enough to get pregnant, or can't get pregnant because they are standing up during intercourse or because they didn't have an orgasm during coitus. Girls who have infrequent sexual intercourse and who do not get pregnant may actually believe that it will never happen to them.

Myth #7

Teenage boys commonly believe that condoms reduce sexual pleasure. Condoms are therefore not used. In truth, condoms reduce pleasure only when they are allowed to interrupt lovemaking. One does not have to hide himself in a closet—using a condom can be made part of the sexual experience. It does not reduce pleasure; it is responsible behavior.

Myth #8

For most teenagers sex means sexual intercourse. There is very little discussion among teenagers about non-coital forms of sexual behavior; that is, sexual behavior other than intercourse. Lovemaking also means holding, cuddling, touching, mutual masturbation, as well as sexual intercourse. Young people who are allowed to discuss this openly and examine it can make distinctions in the kinds of relationships and experiences they want. Not all relationships have to be sexual, and not all sexual relationships have to include sexual intercourse.

Whether we like it or not, almost every teenager is or will be faced with the decision of whether or not to have sexual intercourse, and with whom, under what circumstances, and with or without contraception. If we choose to "protect" our young people from information on human sexuality, experience has shown that we are simply pushing them toward irresponsible behavior. If it is true that eight out of ten girls who get pregnant during the teenage years did not wish to become pregnant, then, as adults withholding sex education from them, we are very much a part of the problem.

BitterSweet recognizes the fact that not all of its readers may agree with Dr. Lacombe's views in this column, though we certainly feel the subject should be discussed. We welcome any letters addressed to this or future column topics.



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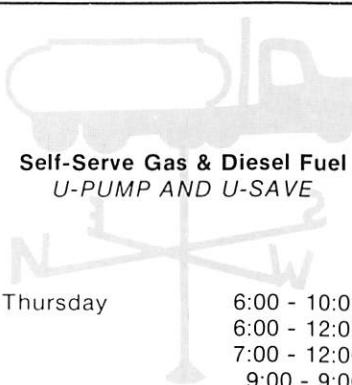
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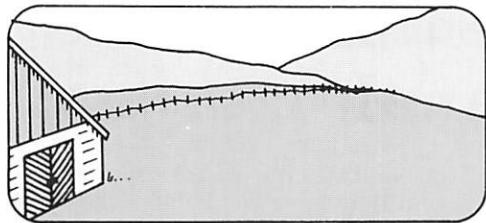


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Thinking of Country Things

by John Meader

Seeing It Through The Winter

September and one starts, almost automatically, to make preparation for winter. The process lasts until the ground freezes and the first serious snow falls. More recently, of course, no snow falls and the ground freezes deeper and deeper, but that I expect is an aberration.

Laying by of fruits and vegetables has been going on since spring, with freezing and canning, but the practice gets earnest as the first hard frosts impend. The many vegetables and fruits have rather differing storage requirements; it runs into technicalities. I've been particularly interested in one aspect that might at first seem somewhat precious (if that's the word I mean—a bit too finely ground). That aspect is the preserving of vitamin C for winter consumption.

Many claims have been made for vitamin C, and not so many proven. But it is certain that vitamin C is absolutely necessary to human health. Scurvy can result from a serious, prolonged vitamin C deficiency, and death may eventually occur.

The words "prolonged" and "eventually" have to be stressed, for the symptoms of vitamin C deficiency are slow to develop—three or four months, it is said. No such thing as galloping scurvy, it creeps up on you.

No need that it should, though, for vitamin C is readily available to us, particularly in citrus fruits and raw, green vegetables. All of this is well known, now. But it wasn't a hundred years ago, and my interest rests on the matter of how earlier peoples and other cultures avoided scurvy. How was vitamin C then made available in the everyday diet?

In tropical and sub-tropical areas, the problem naturally did not exist. The answer hung on the nearest fruit tree. The problem increases in direct proportion to the distance as one travels either north or south of the equator. By the time one gets to Maine one encounters a region where vitamin C is not easily found in palatable form for five or six months every year, unless steps are taken to preserve it. I have at last gotten back to my subject.

What then did the Abenaki, Micmac, and Penobscots do that resulted in freedom from scurvy? Several practices were important. Pemmican, that paste of pulverized meat and fat, frequently incorporated dried fruit; most usually dried currants, I believe. The Indians also ate a number of roots and it may be that some of these were stored for winter use and provided some vitamin C. Further west, the Indians gathered wild onions, but I know of no wild onion types that are native to Maine, except possibly *Allium Canadense*, so-called meadow garlic.

Several other options may have been figured in. The cranberry is an excellent source of vitamin C and stores exceptionally well. The Indians gathered ground-nut (*Apios tuberosum*), also called Wild Bean. The tuber is about the size of a small egg, and somewhat starchy. Perhaps it, like the potato, is a good vitamin C source. Jerusalem artichoke is another possibility; I haven't come across any analysis of its vitamin content.

Lastly, I remember reading an account of an English sailor or fisherman who was cured of severe scurvy in wintertime by an Indian "doctor." She required him to drink quantities of a tea that apparently was composed of spruce or balsam needles; it was extremely unpleasant to drink but it effected a cure. Interesting; apparently some Indians recognized scurvy by its symptoms and had somehow discovered what could be prescribed.

page 30...

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Further Adventures On The Canal

by Jack C. Barnes

Part IV

Coming down across "Big Pond"—Sebago—on the canal boat *Ethel*, you see the wind has subsided somewhat. Several boats pass within hailing distance as they head up the lake toward Frye's Island. One boat is captained by Luther Fitch. Imagine! He has been all the way to Boston with a load of lumber sawed at his mill over in East Sebago. He has a niece down in Groton who is building a house. He is doubtless bringing back sundry kinds of goods to be sold in his general store at the foot of Long Hill. There aren't many captains around here who can boast that they have sailed all the way to Boston and back.

Upon reaching White's Bridge and the entrance to the Sebago Basin, the sails are lowered and the masts folded down again. The two crew members take up the poles and begin the monotonous task of poling the *Ethel* along the Basin toward Upper Guard Locks. The captain sounds his horn and soon the mighty granite jaws slowly swing open and await the *Ethel*'s arrival. It must have been an Herculean task to cut and shape these massive slabs from the granite quarry on Raymond Cape and fit them so that they operate as smoothly as they do.

As soon as the *Ethel* enters the lock, one of the crew casts a heavy rope in the direction of a young boy—he cannot be more than twelve or thirteen—who is waiting with a team of horses to begin the long, slow ordeal of towing the *Ethel* along the towpath and through twenty-six more locks before reaching Portland Harbor. Of course, the young boy and team that are now about to tow the canal boat will give way to another teamster and team after a mile or so.

There is a boat about seventy-five yards ahead begin towed down the canal, while another is being towed up the canal toward the lake. It is fascinating to watch how the two boats and horses pass each other without becoming entangled.

Although the *Ethel* is being towed at a leisurely pace, it is not long before the Eel Weir Lock comes into view. It's not necessary for the captain to

announce the boat's approach, for the stretch between Upper Guard (Wescott) and Eel Weir Locks is rather long and straight. The gates are wooden; all but the Lower Guard Locks will be for the remainder of the trip. The *Ethel*'s timing is good for the upper gates are open and a boat is being towed through. Traffic on the canal seems to be heavy, but such is usually the case at this time of year. The red-shirted crews hail each other and exchange some rather earthy banter that terminates with a sudden burst of raucous laughter which temporarily shatters the tranquility of the halcyon surroundings.

The heavy load is causing the *Ethel* to draw over three feet of water and scrape bottom. The heavy rope becomes taut; the elderly teamster calmly coaxes his team with a gutteral clucking sound. Their mammoth hooves trample and dig firmly into the towpath . . . ever so slowly the *Ethel* moves forward.

Thus the afternoon wears on. Fall warblers are flitting about in large numbers. Robins are bobbing along the banks of the canal. In the swampy areas the yellows, oranges, and reds are quite conspicuous. In the vicinity of North Gorham, small farms become more prevalent. Forest glades give way to postage-stamp fields and a more bucolic landscape. The lowing of cattle, the bleating of sheep, the clarion call of proud chanticleers, and the barking of dogs replace the trill of the shy hermit thrush and the boisterous shrill cry of the blue jay.

At one point, a young farm girl, herding her father's cows along the towpath, casts a shy glance our way. She presents a memorable portrait: her long, golden curls reach almost to her waist. Her bare feet and ankles are brown from raking hay in the hot summer sun. A very special look that passes between her and the younger

of the two crew members indicates that they have met before. The older boy elbows the younger one. Inevitably words are passed between them and the younger boy's face turns as red as his shirt.

Two or three times the *Ethel* scrapes the bottom of the canal. The heavy load is causing the boat to draw over three feet of water. Once the almost perpetual stoic expression worn by the *Ethel*'s captain gives way to a mild trace of concern. The heavy rope becomes taut; the teamster, now an elderly man with a sea of wrinkles upon his weathered face, calmly coaxes his team with a gutteral clucking sound. For a brief moment their mammoth hoofs trample and dig firmly into the towpath. As a well-trained team should, they strain forward simultaneously—their velvety muscles rippling in the late afternoon sun.

Everyone seems to be holding his breath, for these are anxious moments. Ever so slowly the *Ethel* moves forward. Suddenly, the rope slackens as if invisible hands have relinquished their grip upon the bulky craft. Once again the stoic look returns to the captain's physiognomy.

All bucolic sounds are drowned out by the buzzing and snarling of saws slicing off board after board from great logs in the several mills located on the banks of the Presumpscot as the *Ethel* approached Blake and Middle Jam Locks. The swift water of the Presumpscot flows so close to the canal in this area that you can see and hear the water wheels that generate the mills turn over and over in rapid cycles.

The area is a virtual beehive of activity that seems to keep pace with the revolving wheels; by comparison, the progress of the *Ethel* and the movement of those involved with guiding her through the locks appear to be lethargic. Teams of horses and oxen are hauling logs to the mills; and lumber, beams, shingles, barrels; and other products are being stacked and loaded on the several boats tied to a landing.

Rumor has it that there has been a cave-in just below Great Falls Lock. And, as the *Ethel* approaches North Gorham it becomes all too apparent that there is veracity in the rumor. At least a dozen boats are secured to the embankment and the boat people are loitering about. Your canal voyage has come to an abrupt halt—at least for today.

As you begin walking toward the local inn, someone over by the upper gates—probably a local farm boy with just enough cider under his belt to make him feel cantankerous—has called some of the boat crews "fresh-water sailors on a ragin' canal" and a fight has broken out. "That bunch of damn fools'd ruther fight than eat," someone else says. You carefully circumvent the melee and head for the Rice House for some good food and a bed.

You awaken at the first streaks of dawn on Wednesday morning. There is a chill in the small room where you have slept so soundly, for the temperature in the early hours of the morning dipped almost to the freezing mark. It is an obvious sign that colder weather lies ahead.

Upon descending the narrow, winding stairway, you are greeted by boisterous voices and bursts of uncontrolled laughter emitting from the taproom. Savory smells from the kitchen blended with the pungent odor of tobacco smoke permeate the entire inn. The large room is alive with activity. Egalitarianism prevails as teamsters, boatmen, farmers, loggers, drummers, and those wearing the distinguished look of gentlemen intermingle; sharing the same

rustic tables and the simple but hearty fare that seems to be standard at most country inns and taverns.

A glowing fire in the huge fireplace casts a radiant glow that warms even the most distant corner of the room and complements or contributes to the good spirits of the men, for the only women about are the innkeeper's buxom wife and two daughters—who endeavor to keep a steady stream of food and drink flowing to robust men with omnivorous appetites and insatiable thirsts.

Perhaps it is the congenial atmosphere and the cameraderie of old friends together once again, for no one connected with the numerous canal boats stranded below or above Great Falls Lock evinces the slightest vestige of concern about the cave-in. You, however, are very much aware that if you do not reach Portland today and transact your business, you will most likely be forced to lie over at some place on your return trip, for nothing moves along the canal on Sundays. You are told that a crew of Irishmen "will get to it soon" so there is nothing to do but loiter about.

There is a perpetual flow of activity along the road that passes by the inn. Lumbering oxen and spirited teams of horses pull loads of logs and wagons stacked high with lumber. Farmers are conveying their surplus harvests to the canal for shipment to Portland, Boston, and (in some cases) to New York City. The boat crews and captains are milling about in the area of the locks and the canal.

There is an incessant hum from the local mills. The din from the huge vertical saws at times is almost

deafening. It is amazing how what twenty years ago was a tiny hamlet could of late become such a focal point of economic activity. Of course, the canal has been responsible for much of North Gorham's rapid development. Woodbury Storer and some of those other fellows that developed the canal idea said that it would bring prosperity to the area. They certainly knew what they were talking about. Those that opposed the building of the canal are most likely singing a different tune.

There is a definite sign of affluency, especially in the large and beautiful homes that have been built in the area. Most imposing of all is the stately home of Enoch White, a mansion for these parts, perched on the top of the hill over on the Windham side of the river. The spacious Federalist house and large barn survey the landscape in all directions for many miles.

By ten o'clock the channel has been cleared; and the captains, crews, and passengers return to the boats. One of the boats waiting to go through the lock has its deck stacked with chairs.

After what seems to be an endless wait, it is the *Ethel*'s turn to enter the lock and be lowered to the canal below. A team of horses is brought up and hitched to the hawser cast to the young driver of the team, and at last you are slowly proceeding down the canal to Portland, still many miles away.



(concluding next month)

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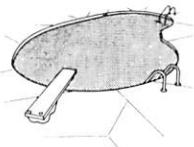
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The Old Country Schoolmaster



remember my first day in the sixth grade. I was scared to death. And I knew that the rest of the class was scared, too. My heart thumped and did flip-flops as I climbed the stairway: after all, the transition from the intermediate to the grammar room was a big step. It wasn't so much the transition itself that put fear into my heart, but the fact that along with the transition came Mr. Rowe, the grammar room teacher. Mr. Rowe had always been regarded with awe by all the younger children, and I was no exception. Whenever he walked about the schoolyard, there seemed to be an aura of sternness and dignity about him that made him unapproachable. Actually, this was all in our minds. Not long after our initiatory experience in his classroom, we found that, though very firm, he was not the martinet he seemed to be from our lowly status. In reality, Mr. Rowe was a small, lean, dark-complexioned man; and though he had a long stony face, he was not really all that frightening. However, to us little fellows, he looked omnipotent and bigger than life.

I opened the door cautiously and entered the classroom. Mr. Rowe was sitting at his desk with his back to the door, but he turned around in his swivel chair as soon as he heard the door open. He looked down his nose through horn-rimmed glasses and bade me a crisp, "Good morning!" I reciprocated with a tremulous voice and hurried across the front of the room to the boys' coatroom as fast as I could. Doffing my jacket, I re-entered the classroom rapidly filling with students hustling to choose their desks for the new year. It was easy to distinguish the seventh and eighth graders from the sixth graders. The older students were talking and laughing—oblivious to the fact that Mr. Rowe was in the room. The sixth graders, however, were sitting quite primly in their newly-selected seats. Two or three of them were pretending to be quite at ease, but all had one very wary eye on Mr. Rowe.

Glancing at the antique seven-day clock on the wall and noticing that it was 8:30, Mr. Rowe strode into the back room and pulled on the thick rope which rose through the ceiling to the school bell in the tower. The ominous sounds of the bell under Mr. Rowe's manipulation brought all the students to attention. One of the eighth grade boys rushed from his seat and went to the landing on the stairs to wind the "Victrola"—a large cabinet model with a big horn. Soon strains of "Golden Jubilee" came floating up to the grammar room.

Those students who had already reserved their desks for the year and who had gone to the playground began to file up the stairs, marching in time to the music. After taking their seats, all of the students sat with folded hands to await the arrival of the third, fourth, and fifth graders, who marched up from downstairs every morning to participate in the morning exercises. This had been the procedure for many years. Mr. Rowe was a stickler for ritual and ceremony. For the past three years I had marched up in the same way, and this year I felt especially important because I could sit back and watch as the younger ones marched in.

A thumping on the stairs indicated that they were coming. Mr. Rowe rose from his seat and turned around to face the door. As each child entered, Mr. Rowe greeted him with the same crisp "Good morning" with which he had greeted all of his own pupils. One by one, they marched across the front of the room and around to the back where they stood, more or less at attention or perhaps a nervous "at ease."

When the last pupil had reached his place and following a nod from Mr. Rowe, there was a rustle as the upper grades rose from their seats; then the whole assemblage turned automatically toward the flag to render the salute. Everyone maintained a sober mein, for to grin or whisper was to invite a caustic remark from Mr. Rowe. The intermediate teacher usually had the wisdom to relinquish discipline of her pupils to Mr. Rowe whenever they were in his room. He is

remembered to have once reminded a colleague: "I am Principal, miss . . ."

While we all remained standing, Mabel McLaughlin, one of the more musically-inclined pupils, walked down the aisle to the upright piano, announced "America the Beautiful" as the morning song, and we all joined in the singing. Mr. Rowe's fine tenor could be heard above all the rest. Ending up with a flourish, Mabel took her seat and we, the upper classes, sat down to listen to the daily story from the Bible. Mr. Rowe's clear voice rang out in the quiet room as he proceeded to read about Daniel in the lions' den. It was at this unpropitious time that one of the intermediate pupils (and undoubtedly a newcomer to the school) took the opportunity to whisper to one of his neighbors. Nothing escaped the hawk eye of Mr. Rowe, however, who looked over the top of his glasses and said acridly, "You're pretty slick, Mr.—, but you don't slide." Not so much as a titter went over the group. We all knew better than to invite a lecture on respect and good manners. It was a new experience for us to be addressed as Mr. Clemons or Miss Sargent—which Mr. Rowe often said.

The Bible story was followed by a general bowing of heads as everyone repeated the Lord's Prayer in unison. Morning exercises concluded, the lower grades marched back down the stairs to their own room. (Some years after Mr. Rowe's retirement, he had the occasion to write a letter to the editor of the **Press Herald**, expressing his feelings about the Supreme Court ban on school prayer: "For 50 years I had the privilege of teaching in an American public classroom. Every day, we opened with the time-honored service including the Lord's Prayer. The children were not compelled to repeat the words, but to give polite attention. Everything went with no complaint. But then, there were no Atheist-Communist agents snooping around for fear little Johnny would be led astray. I'm glad my schoolroom service ended before the recent edict appeared, with its pink backdrop, on the educational stage.")

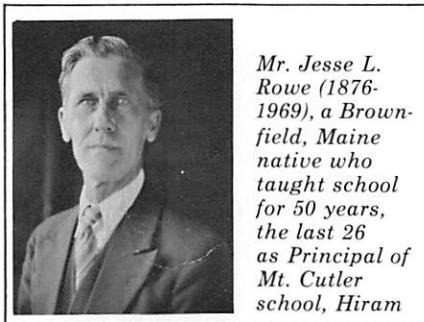
Without further ado, Mr. Rowe began registering his pupils. This was quickly accomplished by having each child write his name and birth date on a sheet of paper. After a brief check to see if each pupil had the proper books, Mr. Rowe commenced the daily work program just as if there had not been a vacation period of three months since the last session. Indeed, by the time I became his pupil, Mr. Rowe had been inculcating knowledge into the heads of two generations of Hiram children and his methods were not only "cut and dried" but "tried and true."

Mr. Rowe stressed arithmetic. It being his favorite subject, he devoted the entire session before morning recess to arithmetic alone. By ten o'clock, after the seventh and eighth grade recitations had been heard, it was time for the sixth graders to show their numerical prowess. This was my first class with Mr. Rowe and I was filled with trepidation. I had heard stories about how angry he got with pupils who were slow to grasp the fundamentals of mathematics—stories of loose pages flying around the room when Mr. Rowe knocked books from scholars' hands or the use of the yard stick well placed on a boy's rear to jog his memory.

We had had no written assignment that morning, but as our names were called, we went to the blackboard, did a problem (if we could), and then explained it orally to the class. Naturally, I was one of the first to be called upon. Mr. Rowe stood, hands on hips, watching me, his pale blue gimlet eyes without pity. Having been promoted to his room, we were all expected to be prepared to do the work. By some miracle, I succeeded in doing it correctly, explained it rather timidly, and took my seat again. By the end of the period, nearly every one of the fourteen pupils in my class had been called to the board. (Recalling our working at the blackboard reminds me that many years later I visited Mr. Rowe. As we were reminiscing about "the good old days at Mt. Cutler," Mr. Rowe remarked that students always wondered why he seemed to have "eyes in the back of his head." Mr. Rowe seldom failed to spy mischief afoot even when he was writing on the slate blackboards with his back turned to the classroom. I confessed that I too had been astonished by his perceptive powers

and asked him to tell me the secret. "It was simple," he said. "Remember those large pictures hanging over all of the blackboards? I had merely to cast my eyes upward unobserved by the students and the room behind me was reflected in the glass over the pictures."

The rest of the forenoon passed uneventfully. At noon the main topic of conversation was, of course, school. "Isn't arithmetic hard this year? I'll bet those sixth graders are scared! He didn't even see me whispering to Doris; he must be slipping!"



Mr. Jesse L.
Rowe (1876-
1969), a Brown-
field, Maine
native who
taught school
for 50 years,
the last 26
as Principal of
Mt. Cutler
school, Hiram

At one o'clock we all rushed to get into line as the bell rang. Mr. Rowe took his usual position at a second story window overlooking the concrete walk which led to one of the front doors. This position enabled him to get a good view of the entire line of students (some 100 in all) and to straighten out any difficulties which might arise. Occasionally, he would clap his hands sharply and reprimand someone for pushing, arguing, or roughhousing. I distinctly recall a time when Mr. Rowe, during such a disciplinary session, had to chide a visiting parent who found the incident amusing, with a biting, "This is no laughing matter, Mrs.—!"

After we had taken our seats, Mr. Rowe held a spelling lesson, followed by geography and history recitations. His method of teaching history was all new to us sixth graders; and to many of us, at first, it was not pleasant.

"Mr. Clemons, you may recite," Mr. Rowe would say. As his name was called, each student in turn stood by his desk and presented orally anything which he might have studied in the history assignment. I nearly had heart-failure because I had never done anything like that

before. One by one we all "recited." One of the first pupils stammered through a couple of lines, punctuating every few words with "uh" and a pause. Mr. Rowe listened and waited, at first patiently, and then with growing irritability, as the recitation was not forthcoming. "Now stop hammering and stammering around, my boy!" Mr. Rowe remarked. And we all knew that it applied to us all because this was the usual procedure for history from then on. We were held responsible for digging out the facts ourselves.

Most of our days at the Mt. Cutler school passed harmoniously without problems. Mr. Rowe had a fine sense of humor and rarely a day passed when it wasn't in evidence. There was the incident of "the girl who laughed at nothing," for example.

One day a pupil was unsuccessfully trying to suppress her loud giggles over some private conversation she had been enjoying with her neighbor while Mr. Rowe was addressing the class. Mildly annoyed at the interruption, Mr. Rowe inquired, "What do you find so amusing, Miss—?"

"Nothing," said the girl, sobering under Mr. Rowe's gaze.

Striding to the blackboard, Mr. Rowe took a piece of chalk and drew a huge zero. Eyes twinkling, he said, "Laugh at that then, my girl. It's bigger!"

I came to learn that we actually enjoyed a great deal of freedom in Mr. Rowe's classroom—privileges which we earned through respect for his authority and through diligence to our lessons. We had seasonal parties, monthly school league meetings and programs, annual operettas and entertainments, and a final field day and picnic. Graduates from Mr. Rowe's eighth grade frequently took high honors at nearby Fryeburg Academy and other high schools—a testimony to the high standards which he set for his pupils. I look back with fondness upon my days with Mr. Rowe. He became my mentor and example as I prepared myself to become a teacher. Many a time in my twenty-five years as an educator was I to encounter similar situations and recall how Mr. Rowe would have handled them.

Mr. Clemons is a retired teacher who lives in Hiram.

EDUCATION PRESENT

by Denis Ledoux

The New Country School: An Alternative

Taxes are almost as popular as death and the plague. If you've got to have taxes, say most people, you've got to make sure your tax money is being well spent.

In most towns and villages of western Maine, the school budget consumes a large portion of the tax dollar. The cities with their broader tax bases have an easier time finding money in the tax dollar to invest elsewhere, but this is not so in rural areas devoid of big industrial plants and of large commercial enterprises to tax. All the more reason therefore for the rural educational tax dollar to bring satisfaction.

Too often, however, the schools we pay for do not deliver the goods they promise and leave students half-educated and frequently "turned off" to school. Too many schools are the centers of apathy, mediocrity, and, increasingly, of violence.

As the father of a young daughter, I have made it my concern to visit a number of different schools the better to learn what is available in western Maine. The following is drawn from notes I took some time back when I visited the New Country School, a private elementary school. Some of the people mentioned have since ceased to be associated with the school or are affiliated in a different capacity than reported here. But, what I'm trying to convey is the spirit of the school and that has not changed.

I hope your encounter with the New

Country School will be as stimulating as mine was!

Beyond the curve, there is a stretch of Maine 113 that is flat and straight. It lies between low mountains. This is West Baldwin, Maine. Soon, to the right, I come across a large two-and-a-half story building. It is white and lies close to the road. A log fence separates the building from Route 113 and the trailer trucks that barrel down on their way to and from Portland, 30 miles away.

A wooden sign, large, cut-out letters of wood on wood, tells me that I have arrived at the New Country School, an alternative school serving four dozen children ages two-and-a-half to thirteen.

Filled with curiosity, I enter the school building . . . From a room on the right, a blond woman of medium height, dressed in denim overalls, comes up to greet me. She is Gaie, the teacher of the eleven lower elementary-age kids.

She introduces me to three eight-year-old girls who are reading. I wave. They wave back and continue reading.

Gaie leads me to a back room where I leave my things. Walking out, I come face to face with Peter Zack. He is director of the New Country School. Peter is a tall, lean man of quick movements and rapid-fire speech. His intelligence and concern seem to pervade the school community. Peter shows me around.

The school building is long and once served as the West Baldwin General Store; later it was converted into apartments. Both floors, therefore, have kitchens. In back are large rooms which have been refinished from sheds into usable school space.

It is in the back room on the first floor that I find the pre-school. The room is a low-ceilinged square, separated into activity centers by shelving. The walls, the furniture, the playhouse are brightly painted. The room is sunny. Outside is the playground.

Ryan comes up to me. Four years old, he has a cold today. "You want to paint something for Dana?" he asks.

"Yes, I would," I reply.

"You'll have to get your own water," he says, "handing me a water-color kit.

Rob, the teacher who is working with the eight pre-schoolers, chuckles, "Ryan, perhaps he doesn't know where to get water."

This strikes Ryan as plausable. "Come," he responds, "I'll show you."

I paint a dragon. Ryan is excited about it, but does have to admit that he likes Rob's better. I talk to the children as we work. Each child is calm and directed in this sunny, busy room. What a pleasant place to be in, I think.

At snack time, I take my leave. In front of the building, the eleven lower elementary children are variously reading, painting, writing, talking.

Gaie Mitchell, a University of New Hampshire graduate and a former staffer at Yankee magazine, tells me, "Some days it takes a lot of energy! It's certainly never boring."

She relishes being in a school where kids and adults can respond to each other personally, where people can live their opposite natures and not

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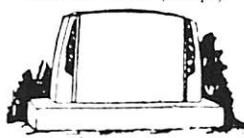
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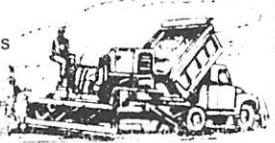
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only their good sides—or as happens in cases of delinquency, their bad sides.

"Because our children have the freedom to express their various natures," she says, "they retain a simplicity and innocence which is often lacking in students of other schools."

Progress from the pre-school to the lower elementary and then to the upper elementary on the second floor at New Country School is based on each child's developmental level, not on age. Generally, the divisions might be described as pre-reading, learning to read, and knowing how to read.

"We don't have grades and we don't have 'staying back,'" says Gaie. "We have children working at their own levels of development. It makes sense, doesn't it? It makes you wonder why some schools have grades at all!"

Later, I am told by parents that this flexible ability grouping is crucial and at the center of their commitment to the school.

Soon, it is recess time. Most of the kids go out but not Ryan. "You don't have to if you don't want to now. But at noon you have to," he tells me.

This same sense of self, this independence, is characteristic of most children who have been at NCS for any length of time. Peter calls it a product of the NCS process. "You can't 'teach' self-confidence; you can only not interfere with its happening," he points out.

The idea for the New Country School was first discussed in the winter of '71-'72. Katherine Chaikin, a woman raised in the area, remembers the concern she and some friends had for their children's education. They wanted a school where form contributed to content. The form, she points out, includes rules, curriculum, teachers, school space, etc. The content is what is learned and includes math as well as attitudes toward discipline and one's self. In too many schools, it was felt, students manage to learn, to receive an education only in spite of rules, curriculum, teachers, and school space. Parents meeting that winter over kitchen tables wanted a school where things didn't manage to happen in spite of anything but because of everything.

Katherine and her friends eventually placed an ad in a local

newspaper calling for a meeting of people interested in educational alternatives. With time, a group of seven people (three couples and a single person) made the commitment to start a school. The initial work of finding the building, remodeling its two apartments, acquiring materials and a teacher was to occupy them through the summer of 1972.

When the school opened that September, there were eight children between the ages of 3 and 7 and a teaching couple, recruited for a pittance of pay and an apartment upstairs.

At first the school was attuned to the philosophy of "free" schools of the late 60's. But "all of us saw real problems with the unstructured education of those years," says Katherine. They eventually moved "from really open to more defined" education.

"The New Country School is not only interested in talking about individualized attention," said one parent, "but in doing something about it. Every school in this country says that it cares about kids and then proceeds to treat them like they need mass regimentation. At New Country School, we are always questioning our process. Are we helping or are we hindering our children by our schedule, by our rules, by our materials? We can't afford to arrive at a point where we think we have answers. I've seen too many rigid schools to care to have this one become one, too."

April Labrie, a parent who remembers being miserable in public school herself, says, "At first, the assumption was that public schools were bad and so we were better because we weren't public. But, we've come to realize that isn't enough. This school isn't better because it isn't a public school. It's better because of its approach to education, because of the freedom of its staff to create programs tailored to each child."

Of the educational result in terms of her daughter, April says, "Her growth as a person is phenomenal." So enthused is April that she says, "I may be willing to help out with developing a high school program here when the time comes."

April's experience at the New Country School is typical of others in the community in some ways. Her initial involvement was intellectual.

She is now a member of the staff-support group which helps teachers by making observations and also participates in a discussion group on educational philosophy.

"I'm fascinated by how people learn. To learn is just wonderful. I'd like to impart excitement to my daughter. That is why she is here. It's that kind of a school."

Teaching and learning are indeed considered exciting concepts at New Country School. Here is none of the cynicism and defeatism which creeps into so many other schools.

Says Peter, "Sometimes, it takes a long time for parents to participate but, when they do, their enthusiasm can be great. People, adults or kids, grow and respond at their own pace."

At first the school was attuned to the philosophy of the "free" schools of the late '60's. But they all saw problems with unstructured education and moved to something more defined.

"Teach children as individuals," says Sherry Snyder, who moved to the area so her two boys could attend the school, "I don't think children should be forced to read or write. It's not important for children to have to learn certain things by certain dates."

Sherry cites her six-year-old as an example. "Mike only wanted to play in September when he first came, but he was stimulated by the other children and not by the teacher to learn to read and write. Gaie told me not to worry. He would progress at his own pace. One day he said to Gaie, 'I want to learn to read and write.' He learned the whole alphabet in one day! He did it when he was intellectually and emotionally ready, not when the teacher was ready. I think he said to himself, 'Well, gee, it looks like they're having fun. I want to do it, too.'

"You know, teachers in other schools feel that, if students don't meet timetables, they themselves 'fail.' Since they don't want to be failures, they channel kids who aren't in step with everyone else into categories of 'learning problems.'

(next month: the formation of an alternative school)

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The Last Summer

by Carol Gestwicki

No one was really surprised when she didn't come early in May. It was still cold, after all, with a fire needed every morning and every night. She did have a ready wood pile stacked neatly beside the brown shed out behind the cottage. Jim Francis had made sure of that when he'd come around to check on things after mud season was done. He had worked there for several days, clearing up the fallen limbs from the winter storms, batting down the network of spider webs and dead moths, tinkering with the water and the old pump, and nailing straight the sign with the cottage name on.

Days he was there working, but then he moved very carefully now and there wasn't a lot to fill his days anyway. These last years most of the summer people had hired either young Jim or Pete from out of town to see to their places. After all, they could zip around on their snowmobiles and you really couldn't ask a man Jim's age to shovel a roof or crawl under a cottage to tend to pipes, could you now? But she'd never changed her arrangements. All these years he'd opened up for them. At first they'd send a card to let him know when they'd want it ready, and what little extras needed doing, but then there wasn't really any need for that. She hadn't sent him a card for years now. He figured she'd be in soon.

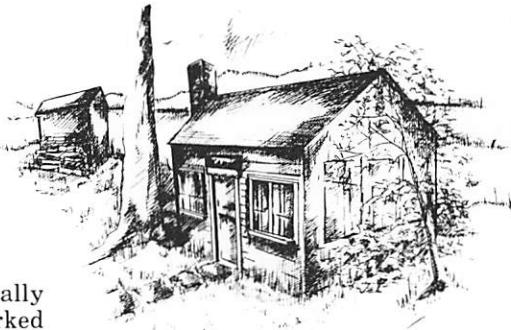
Later in the month the days were clear and warm. Most of the older summer people, the ones retired from a lifetime of work, had settled in and were enjoying the bright peaceful days before the lake would burst into its annual celebration of summer freedom. From the stream of faithful weekend fishermen, it looked like the season had started well. Still she hadn't come. But then, she'd never been one for fishing.

Oh, she'd gone with them all, and shouted with the big ones and moaned for the ones that fought free. She'd been the one with the camera handy the time the blond one—Bob

was his name, wasn't it?—had finally hooked the giant bass that had lurked under their dock for so many years. After the boys were grown, she'd often spent an evening paddling placidly in the stern as her husband fished the shore. But she'd never made a secret that she'd been along to watch the sun sink to a purple bed behind the mountains. Then there'd been that young one, the grandson who'd been with her some of these later summers. She'd got boxes of worms for him at the village store and grimly threaded them on hooks when he was first learning. But she'd never liked fishing, so nobody was really surprised when she didn't come back for the best days of the season this summer.

June was dry and cool. The loons came back and nested, but nobody knew just where. She'd found the nest and watched it protectively from afar off several times in recent years, but this summer the baby was hatched before anyone had seen the nest. The tiny rose orchids on the far shore bloomed, and the woman in the cottage next to the brown one went over to the spot she'd been shown many years before. The woman smiled as she remembered how her neighbor had always checked on her favorite flowers every year, 'til all the predictable reappearances had become rituals observed annually; the woman smiled again to find the orchids reassuringly in bloom. After a while the woman went back and got her daughter's youngest, who was visiting that week, to show the child the spot. That afternoon the woman frowned several times as she glanced toward the still-empty brown cottage.

The first weeks of July were hot. Thick white clouds piled high over the hills and after the initial days of bone-chilling swims, the clear water warmed. Almost all the cottages were filled now, one time or another. Three or four diving floats had been anchored back out in the deeper, darker water, and were continually



being assaulted by the children. Hers still leaned against the pine tree near the beach.

The young man two beaches down mentioned to his wife how it changed the look of the lake not to have it out. His wife said she didn't think it had been out for the last couple of years. Now that she'd said it, he wasn't so sure, either. One thing, though, it had certainly been out when the boys and all their families had been coming a few years back. Right after her husband had died, they'd all been here faithfully for a year or more; though before that they'd not come very often. But, no chance of her being lonely with all that gang around. Like old times it was, young ones turning boats over just for the fun of it, whooping games on the beach at night, water fights and playing on rafts, and her right there enjoying it all and sometimes in the middle.

But after a couple of years she'd been alone again. Of course, with the older one and his family moving to California, it was understandable they couldn't just drive over for a vacation. And some said the younger one had gotten divorced, and nobody was sure just where he was now. It was his boy who'd started coming then, and stayed the whole summer, too. They'd made a fine pair, swimming and fishing and sitting at a beach fire late at night. He even had her out in that little sail boat his father sent to the lake for him that summer he was fourteen or so. The last summer he'd been around he'd spent more time tearing off in his little motor boat after the other boys, and she'd often be sitting alone on the beach. But he hadn't been back in a while now—probably had a job between his college years. The young man noticed that the circle of fire-blackened rocks on the beach was pretty much covered by the sand

shifted in the winter.

In August, when the blueberries were ripe, there was the usual race to get to the secret spots first. A little boy from the red cottage wanted to pick in the bushes behind her cottage, but his mother said no, remembering how she had always been one of the first out with her bucket. And, in recent years, when a batch of blueberry muffins had been too much for her alone, she'd often brought half a dozen over to them. But, after a few days, the mother gave in to the small boy's insistence. As he said, there was no point in leaving all that store of riches for the birds and chipmunks. But the thought of their intrusion was uncomfortable, and after one time, the mother wouldn't let him go back for more. "Better leave some there," she'd said, without trying to explain why.

Late August brought the crashing thunderstorms that followed days so warm and still that everyone on the lake found an excuse to spend hours drifting in the shallows of the pond. Thunder rumbled after supper while the sky grew yellow, then banged all night. There was one paralyzingly brilliant flash of lightning that arrived as a sharp shot, and everyone was sure that it had hit close. In the morning they saw the victim was the oak that towered over her cottage, the one near the shore that she'd always called the tree-house. Some laughed at the idea that the crazy pattern of gray boards nailed high in the tree had ever been a tree house. But anyway, mothers had forbidden children to go up in it for years, after one of the adventurous Smith boys had fallen from a rotten step and splashed headfirst in the lake.

Jim Francis shook his head when he saw the branches thrust into the lake and the great crack widening the trunk. A few years back, when he'd suspected money would be getting a little tight for her, he'd suggested, in an offhand comment, that she could have a few of those big trees logged out. "No," she'd said firmly, "not one tree. I'll keep it just as it is, Jim. The way it's always been."

Her eyes had brightened suddenly with unshed tears then, and he'd not spoken of it again, knowing their talk was not just of trees. But now this giant was down her wasn't sure he could handle it. He'd leave it as it was for a while.

After Labor Day came the shocking quiet. The birds were the first to go as always, of course, but in the summer sounds no one noticed the sudden absence of the redwing's shriek or the loon's haunting echo. Then the voices, motors and screen doors stilled, and the final hush was heavy. The long shimmer of the sun on the unruffled lake wove the silence tighter. Smoke curled around the crimson and yellow leaves. The chipmunks worked without stopping. Occasional hammers clanged, as long-put-off chores were completed by the few left.

Her friend, Mrs. James, across the pond, thought of her often these September days. In the first years long ago, they'd only known each other to wave to from their busy beaches. But suddenly they'd both been widows, busy trying to fill the summers with children and friends. After the young had gone back to the world regulated by workdays and weekends, these weeks had been theirs. There was time then for quiet walks down sun-mottled logging roads and long, slow afternoons of talk of common summer memories. They'd never stayed in touch over the winter, just a card at Christmas looking forward to picking up again at the lake the next year.

As the month ended, her friend slowly packed and shuddered against the coming winter. And one cold, grey day, Mrs. James drove out the winding cottage road, honking when she came to Jim Francis' mailbox, and silently waving to the white-haired man who would watch there all winter. Mrs. James drove on, and stopped completely at the empty brown cottage, unchanged from Jim Francis' opening work except for the busy additions of the spiders. She looked a long time, a slow farewell, then quickly started the car towards the road which would carry her south. Perhaps the busy turnpike would take away her feeling of being quite alone.

The first week in October, as brilliant leaves were sifting down on top of the lake, a small green car drove down the cottage road, past Jim Francis' curious stare. It stopped in the drive beside the quiet brown cottage. A young fair-haired man got out and looked around. He walked down the path to the beach still half-covered by the fallen tree, then up the stairs to unlock the porch door. He

pushed open the door and disappeared inside. After ten minutes he came back out, banging the door with a sound that echoed across the deserted lake. Then carefully, precisely, he nailed up three "For Sale" signs—one on the door, one on the birch beside the drive, and one on the sign post with the cottage sign nailed straight.

Mrs. Gestwicki is a summer resident of Five Kegar Lakes, North Waterford, and a winter resident of Charlotte, North Carolina.

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Other northern cultures developed other methods. The peoples of northern Europe and Scandinavia rely heavily upon turnip and cabbage in their winter diets. Both contain fair amounts of vitamin C. Both store well. In arid regions of the middle east, where vitamin C can be scarce even in summer for the desert tribes and travelers, onions and melons are important. The Armenian traders who worked the camel routes across what is now Iran and Iraq and over into India always carried onions.

Going further east, the cultures of the Orient preserve or produce vitamin C in several ways. One is through pickling, or fermenting, either type of Chinese cabbage or the large white daikon radish.

The word "pickling" may be a bit misleading, since we tend to think of pickles as vegetables preserved in vinegar. But the Oriental pickled vegetables make their own vinegar, as it were, through fermentation of the vegetable sugars and juices. Accordingly, pickled daikon simply requires radishes, water, salt, and a bit of rice bran. And no heat is required; an important aspect in cultures that have been energy short for centuries.

In the Orient, another important source for vitamin C is sprouted seeds. Sprouted mung bean seeds are probably the most well known. In a way, this is a means of preserving access to vitamin C for the seed is raised in summer and then may be sprouted throughout winter. All that is needed is a relatively warm room, moisture and darkness. Energy requirements again are nil. Sprouts, if they are cooked, need only several minutes of heat.

I should point out that heat and vitamin C are antagonistic anyway. Vitamin C is lost through cooking—it oxidizes out—and accordingly the best vitamin C sources are those that involve little or no heat. So pickled vegetables that require no heat, dried fruits, and raw vegetables are important in the winter diet.

In colonial times here in New England, cider both sweet and hard counted as a very important diet supplement, and as perhaps a key source of wintertime vitamin C. I have read estimates of cider production in apple-growing regions in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. It is thought that many of the large farmsteads laid down from ten fifty barrels of squeezed apple each fall.

Not all the gallons were meant for beverage, of course. A good bit went to pickling of vegetables and some meat. But much was to drink. This doesn't mean that our Yankee forbears went about their business a little lit. Few farms could afford the luxury of adding honey or maple-sugar to cider, and cane sugar was even more of a luxury. Accordingly, the cider was dry and not much more potent than our commercial beers. Even the children drank hard cider. It was often diluted and sweetened a bit, to make it more welcome.

On Meaders' Farm here in Buckfield, we make our own cider. I built a grinder and press along the lines of a similar unit that I remembered from my youth. Small presses are manufactured now, costing around a couple of hundred dollars, I think. I made mine from scraps. Pressure is applied with a car jack, for example. My total monetary outlay was less than fifteen dollars and we can press out around three gallons to a bushel.

The beauty of a home press is that it permits you to choose the apple varieties you wish to blend to capture the all-important balance of sugars, acids, and aromatics. Moreover you can press whenever you want, as much as you want.

The second practice we employ that yields preserved vitamin C is the putting down of sauerkraut. The process is simplicity itself: five pounds of finely shredded cabbage is packed down in a crock—somebody once said a baseball bat is the best tool—and a Tablespoon of salt is sprinkled over it. One adds five more pounds and another sprinkle of salt, and so on until one is tired of shredding or frightened by visions of surplus.

A weight is placed on top of the cabbage. A dinner plate plus a rock will do. Another avenue is to fill a stout plastic bag with water and set that in

the top of the crock. The point is to reduce contact with the air and to keep the cabbage pressed down. But heaven help you if the plastic bag leaks. Excess water can interfere with the fermentation and may spoil the cabbage outright.

Sauerkraut takes six or eight weeks to ferment fully. It can be left in the crock thereafter or bottled in canning jars and sealed in a hot water bath. I think it improves with age, as I hope we all do.

Tips On Storage

Apples: Cool temperatures and some humidity are best. Don't store with onions or cabbage, lest the apples take up some of the odors.

Beans: For dried beans, bring in when the pods are dry and brittle if possible. They can be beaten out of the pods with a pitchfork if you haven't a flail, or stuffed in a grain bag and pounded with a stick. Beans should be stored where it's cold and dry. Heat reduces cooking quality over time; also reduces germination if you mean to save some beans for seed; and allows bean weevil to develop.

Beets: Want coolness and some moisture. Can be packed in damp sand. Will keep until next year's crop.

Carrots: As with beets. Be sure the sand is free of organic matter such as twigs and leaves. Beach sand is good.

Cabbage and Turnips: Best temperature is around 33 or 34 degrees. Moist air is important. We bring in cabbage and turnip with roots intact and bury the roots in the dirt floor of the root cellar.

Celery: As with cabbage.

Corn: We dry corn to feed the hens and to grind for cornmeal. The best route would seem to be to let it dry on the stalk out in the field. Short of this, it should be husked and thrown on the floor somewhere to dry thoroughly before being bagged or barelled.

Leeks: As with cabbage.

Onions: Raise or purchase storage onions. Bermudas and sweet spanish don't last long. Keep cold and dry. 34° is good, but moist air is not, for the dead outer skin will mold. Do not hang over the stove.

Peppers: Can be frozen, but some varieties are better for freezing than others. Suggest you experiment to find one you like.

Potatoes: After the tops die, let potatoes lie in the ground for a couple of weeks, to let the skin toughen. Store cool and moist, but not under 40°. Under forty the starches will start to convert to sugars, making for an odd-tasting potato.

Squash: Requires warmth and dryness—50 to 60 degrees. The variety that keeps longest is Delicate. It also has excellent cooking quality.

Tomatoes: Harvest before frost, including greens, whites, and yellows. Store no more than two deep in flat boxes. Light is not required for ripening. If you want to ripen some more quickly, place them in a gallon bottle with several apples. The apples release a gas that induces ripening in tomatoes. Probably it's a good idea to wash and dry tomatoes before storing them. The same goes for squash.



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SCHOOLCHILDREN

Little hands and feet and arms
Busy in mêlée
And voices raised in quick alarms
At wonders of the day.
Their presence really quite confounds
Adults so very set
On making their diurnal rounds
Intent on make and get.

Larry Billings
Bryant Pond



LEAVING THE NEST

It's quiet, oh so quiet
The cat is sound asleep
There's no constant talking
Or unexpected shriek.

Mom and Dad are happy
But Molly the dog is sad
And Bingo the little pony
Is standing in his pad.

Today is September fourth
Time for the golden rule
Most everyone's glad but Grandma
It's Jenny's first day of school.

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We welcome letters and print what space allows.

NO ILLUSIONS

I think the magazine is great but would suggest you not bother with fiction. There is so much of that available everywhere that I hate to see any bit of space not used for the regional history and wisdom that you all know so well.

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Can You Place It?



Emma Pitts of Harrison was the first to identify the August Can You Place It? as the old boat landing on Lake Pennesseewassee (at the head of Maine Street, Norway). Daphne Merrill of Auburn and Georgia Chute of South Paris also remembered the paddle-wheeler Pennesseewassee that used to ply the waters of Norway Lake in the early part of this century. Helen Bailey of Norway wrote that it "carried upwards of 60 people three daily trips. It was built by Captain Ames who operated it along with his son as fireman and engineer. It was made entirely of oak, 60 ft. long and 12 ft. wide. The smokestack was hinged so it could be lowered to go under the Crockett Ridge Bridge." After being towed up Main Street by a team of oxen, the paddle-wheeler was launched in the lower end of the lake and continued carrying round-trip fares to the cottages or to Gibsons Picnic Grove on Goat Island for 25¢ until 1917. She says it was then cut in two and stored behind the old snowshoe factory and used for storage. Bill Ledger of Naples recalled Mel Sampson, who operated the boat, and Mr. Hosmer and Sons who operated a boatyard. We thank Warren Martin of Harrison for loan of the picture.

way of making chocolate donuts there that I've not seen anywhere else. Even the commercial ones were great . . . I don't mean chocolate-dipped, but all chocolate. Does anyone have a good recipe?

I've never missed Maine. I thought it was a tough place to live; maybe I was too soft. I still, however, enjoy touching base with what has proved to be an interesting region of the country—probably more now appreciated than it ever was. There is such a hunger now for a less illusory style of living.

*Laurie H. Knightly
Berkeley, California*

THE MAD PREACHER

I followed your first installment of the Shakers with great interest, but the second paragraph of the second installment really intrigued me. I am a direct descendant of the "New Lights" preacher John Cotton. His son William, who was my great-great grandfather, came to Hiram from

Gorham in 1798.

John Cotton was so fervent and dramatic in his preaching that he became known as "The Mad Preacher." Our family history makes no mention of his interest in the Shaker movement.

Does your research indicate how deeply he became involved with them and did he go so far as to become a member of that sect? At times I have been accused of having inherited one of his characteristics—madness!

*Ray Cotton
Hiram*

Ed. Note: According to the book *Hands To Work And Hearts To God*, published by Bowdoin College, John Cotton was one of the early leaders of the Shaker movement in Maine, gathering in a large number of his friends, family, and followers to become the nucleus of the family at Alfred, among others. Brother Ted Johnson of the Sabbathday Lake family would know best.

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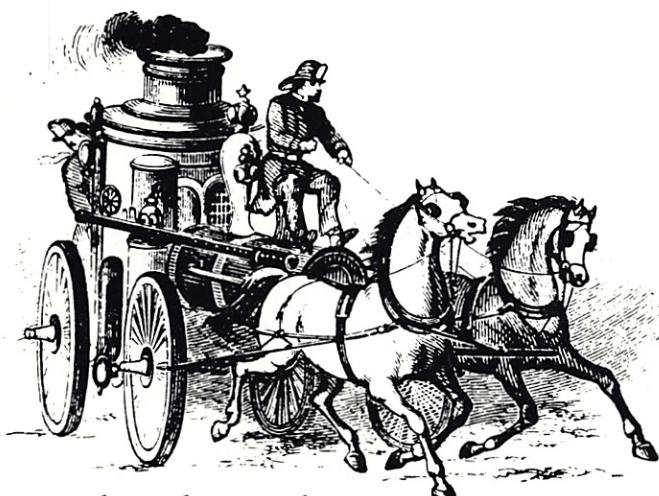
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